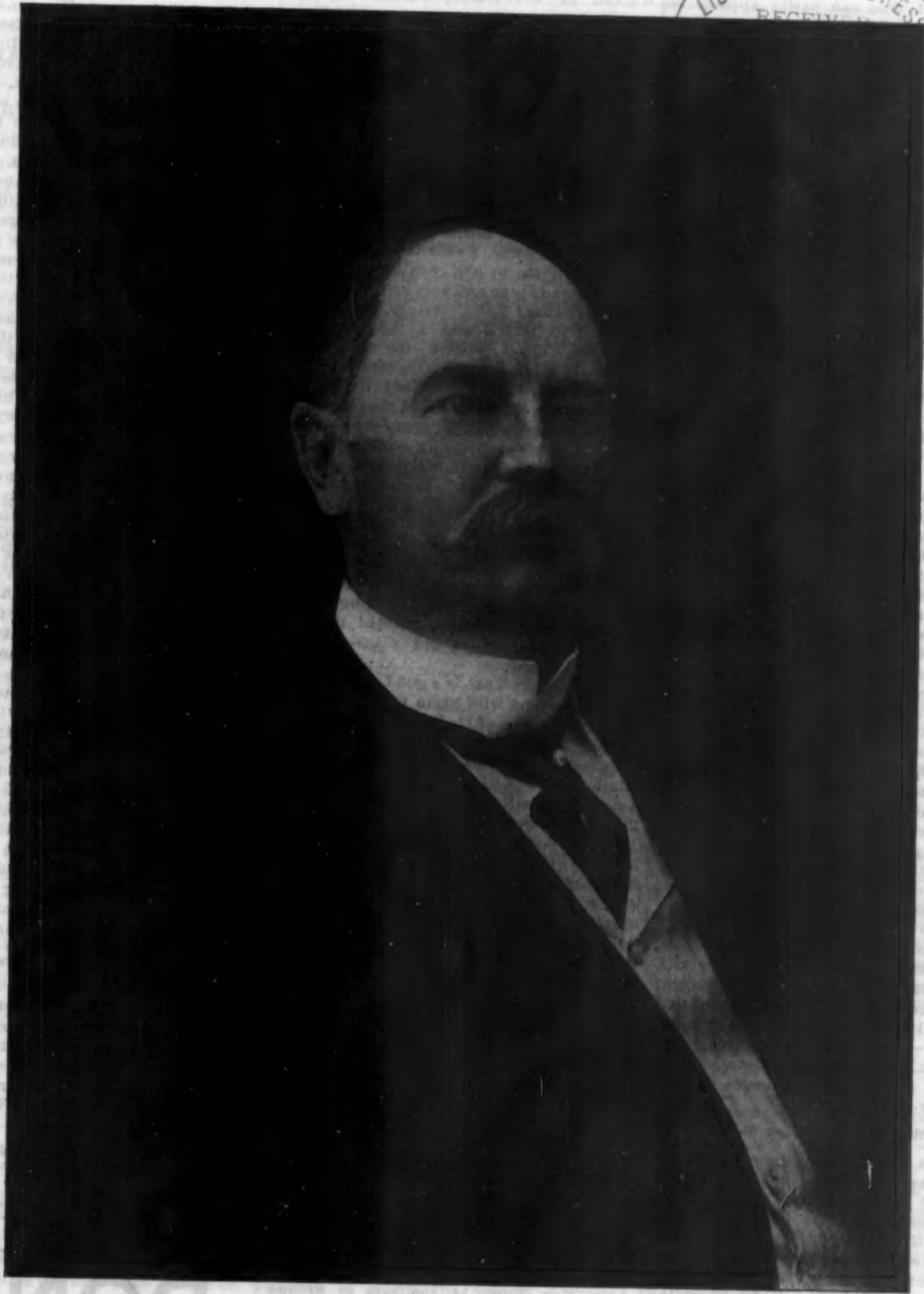


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1903

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FIELD NOTES OF A FIELD SECRETARY

REV. E. M. TAYLOR, D. D.

THE express train is plunging eastward through a genuine New England snowstorm. I am comfortably ensconced in the car seat with an interesting book as a companion. Yet the book page is a secondary affair, for the eye involuntarily wanders from it, seeking the delight afforded by watching the snowflakes chase each other to the solid ground. How many pleasant, old-time tunes memory plays on the heart as the eye takes in the beauty of a snowstorm! One can easily appreciate the sentiment of the Yankee girl forced to spend a winter in Southern California as she exclaims: "Oh, for one hour of a good New England snowstorm!" I will undertake to cure the most hopeless fit of the blues in any man, for the time being, by turning him out into a snowstorm where he will encounter a group of children full of the reckless abandon of frolicsome hilarity homeward bound from district school.

A Snowstorm Romance

Just now there comes to my mind a pretty little snowstorm romance in the life of one of my ministerial friends. It happened nearly three decades ago, at a session of the New England Conference. The committee on Conference entertainment had received a special request from one of the families in the city requiring the assignment of two elderly ministers as their guests for the week. The request was made, I presume, to protect the only daughter of the home from any advances of a matrimonial nature that might take place if young and single parsons were assigned as guests in the home. The committee found in the carrying out of their work a dearth of older men, and assigned one patriarch in Israel and a freshly fledged theological student as the guests for this home. It was snowing fiercely as these two ministers made their way to their place of entertainment. They arrived with their great-coats tightly buttoned and collars well turned up about their necks, completely covered with fleecy snowflakes, bearing a striking resemblance to the original Kriss-Kringle. The young lady met them at the door with the grace of a princess, and kindly invited them to the library, where she deftly brushed the snow from their garments, hanging their great-coats over the register to dry. What was her surprise to find that one of these ancient pilgrims, by this operation, was transformed into a dapper young minister with a blonde mustache and clear blue eyes. With difficulty she controlled herself, knowing that she had been incautious and had sacrificed all claim to prudence and wisdom. It was, however, too late for reparation — the little blind god had gotten in his work. The two have been happily occupying Methodist parsonages for the last twenty-five years!

A Mid-Winter Mission Meet

But what relation have these snowstorm musings and romantic memories to a missionary field secretary's work? Well, nothing more than to brace him with a little sentimentality for the ordeal of facing a midweek missionary audience on a stormy winter's night. The stimulus was not so much needed after all, for when the hour arrived a fine audience faced the speaker in the homelike Mathewson St. Methodist Episcopal Church, Providence, R. I. It will be renewing old home ties if Dr. Melden takes the pastorate of this church for the coming year. Pastor and people are to be congratulated. At the close of the address a friend came to the plat-

form, saying: "The storm has kept a certain man in Fall River away from the meeting tonight; however, he has sent a request for you to call and see him on the morrow."

A Generous Gift

By ten o'clock the next morning I was seated in the library of Mr. —, overlooking Mt. Hope Bay. Conversation turned directly to the Open Door missionary movement in our church. Describing to him the thorough business manner in which the work is carried on and the cheering success already attending the propaganda, he arose from his chair and walked to his library desk, saying: "Well, I want to be in it more than I am at present." Then there was silence while he sat down to write. In a few moments I held in my hand a check for \$1,000, "to be used by the Missionary Society where it will do the most good." That check made nearly four thousand dollars this man has passed through my hands to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the last twelve months! I know that a like generosity has characterized his missionary gifts for the last twenty years. I said to him: "Will you permit me to ask you the secret and origin of your love and service for the missionary cause?" "Certainly," was his reply. "In 1843 I was a lad living in Peacham, Vt. I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church as a boy, and was assigned to a weekly class led by Father David Choat. He organized the class into a missionary society, requesting each member to give something weekly for foreign missions. Mr. Choat gave ten cents per week himself, and I started on one cent a week for missions. Each week he wove into his testimony something about missions, and *always prayed fervently for the success of missions*. That is the manner in which I got started to give to the missionary work." What blessings have flown out to all parts of the world through the influence of that old class-meeting "starter!"

"Starters!" That is a good old English word — persons who begin to do full time for the extension of God's kingdom in the world. That is the demand of the present hour — starters to make the watchword for missions one dollar from every church member the minimum and ability to give the maximum; starters to circulate *World Wide Missions*, the valuable missionary monthly that goes into three hundred thousand homes the current year and requires twenty tons of paper to print its monthly edition; starters to circulate the volume containing the addresses of the Cleveland Missionary Convention, the most concise book of missionary information and inspiration yet published (this volume may now be procured from our Mission Rooms, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, for \$1); starters to see that the missionary libraries are read by the members of our Sunday-schools and Epworth League; starters in the movement to secure a missionary concert on Easter Sunday in every Methodist Sunday-school in our nation (an instructive and attractive Easter Day Missionary service has been prepared by the Missionary Society for use in the Sunday-schools; the concert sheets, with songs, music, readings and recitations, may be ordered from the Mission Rooms, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, at the rate of \$1 per hundred); starters in the work of dedicating a portion of each morning to prayer and meditation for the spiritual enrichment of life and the success of mission work.

It is high time many members of our churches were starting in these matters. This is our only time; it is in the *now* we must play our part. God never tosses back

a lost opportunity, saying, "There, try that again." Each day pushes its chance aside forever. Are we doing for the advancement of God's work in the world or are we being done for evil by indifference and indolence? We stand very near the heart of our own eternity in the presence of these questions.

A Cheerful Outlook

There is a material spirit upon us today savoring much of carnal selfishness. It treats missionary problems as fanatical and chimerical, and even ridicules the ideals of Christianity. It is the same spirit that dragged the idealism of Jesus to Calvary because He would not yield to the narrow selfishness of His times. Nevertheless Christian idealism rules the world today as never before. In the diplomacy of nations it has opened the world to the influence of the Christian spirit. Christianity at this moment confronts every great paganism on the planet. The living ambassador of Christ is to be found in all the great centres of heathenism. The life-giving Word of God is translated into more than four hundred different languages and dialects. The large number of cultured, trained and zealous young men and women now ready for the mission field is a wonderful testimony of the preparation of the missionary heart by the Spirit of God. Five thousand of these recruits are now ready for orders to the mission-fields of the world. These individual young men and women are saying to the Christian Church of the United States: "My life against your money."

The enormous and high character of missionary literature produced by the publishing houses of Christendom is evidence that a great work of preparation for future victory is now well in hand. The increasing interest of the secular press in spreading missionary news indicates that this mighty power in modern civilization has sensed the missionary spirit of the hour. In an evening edition of a Boston paper a few days ago, I noted more than twenty references and articles pertaining to missionary work.

The wealth of the Christian Church at this time is commensurate with the missionary need and opportunity. God has loaded her with material prosperity, and Christ stands today over against her treasury watching the gifts of His followers. The reports from the Fall Conferences last year showed that Methodism in the United States had made an increase in her missionary offering of nearly \$200,000, and from present indications the Spring Conferences will show a corresponding increase. It is evident that the church is being fired with an enthusiasm for humanity kindled by the spirit of Jesus Christ. The work is colossal, but it is not of men's hands alone. There is in the heart of every human being a place ready for the Gospel. The seed, the sower, and the ground — it is the work of our hands to get them together, and the divine dynamic will do the rest. Results are with God, and the end will be what God calls success.

"The restless millions wait
The light whose dawning
Maketh all things new;
Christ also waits,
But men are slow and late.
Have we done what we could?
Have I? Have you?"

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Pan-American Railway

HIGH expectations have been raised among the projectors of the proposed intercontinental railway from New York to Buenos Ayres, via Panama, Peru and Bolivia, by the announcement that Andrew Carnegie has given \$5,000 in addition to the appropriation made by Congress, and desires information about the plans for financing the undertaking. The money already set aside or contributed is to be used in defraying the expenses of a commissioner who will visit Central and South America for the purpose of securing the co-operation of the Southern republics. It is thought that \$200,000,000 would be necessary to construct the connections and finance a company to operate the new lines. Roughly estimated, 5,000 miles of track would unite the roads already in existence in both continents, the principal part of which would have to be laid through the mountainous region from the southern line of Honduras down through the Isthmus, along the Pacific side of the Andes, and across Peru into Bolivia, where the South American connections can be made. Representatives of the South American States in Washington are very enthusiastic over the enterprise, and will use all their influence to secure generous grants of money and land from their governments to aid in defraying the cost of building the lines.

Gorman and the Tariff

IT appears that Senator Gorman has already trapped the Republicans into agreeing to a line of action which may possibly enable him to force the opening of the tariff question at the next session of Congress. This was done by agreeing to a ratification of the Cuban reciprocity treaty in the extra session of the Senate on condition that "this treaty shall not take effect until the same shall have been approved by the Congress." It is a little singular that the Senate should make such an important act as the ratification of a treaty subject to the approval of "Congress," but that is where the political trick comes in. As Congress will not meet until next autumn, the entire subject will thus be put over until that time, and

necessarily come before the Senate again for "approval" in connection with its consideration in the House. Inasmuch as reciprocity is the thin end of the wedge of "tariff revision," Senator Gorman and his associates will then be able to precipitate a general discussion of this subject at a time when it will be most embarrassing to the Republicans.

Bubonic Plague Quarantine

IN spite of the emphatic denials of state and national authorities that the bubonic plague still exists in San Francisco, the Mexican government has declared a general quarantine against vessels coming from that port. President Palma, of Cuba, in turn has excluded vessels from certain Mexican ports from entering Cuban harbors, and has forbidden the importation of animals and merchandise from other Mexican cities of the kind likely to carry germs of the plague. Ever since the outbreak of plague in Mazatlan, Mexico, two months ago, which seems to have resulted from infection brought from San Francisco, the Mexican authorities have been very suspicious of the reports that have since been made relative to the extermination of the plague in California.

Capitalization of Manhood

A UNIQUE and suggestive profit-sharing plan, which is being worked by a manufacturing company in Wisconsin, is described by Rev. Geo. L. McNutt in the *Independent*. It is based upon an entirely new principle, and may be properly characterized as the "capitalization of manhood." Each employee has an intrinsic value, determined by his earnings, which entitles him to share in the profits on precisely the same basis as the holders of preferred stock. The earnings of capital are arbitrarily fixed at 5 per cent., and the earnings of "manhood stock," whether of managerial ability or common labor, are the salaries or wages drawn by the employees. A man who receives \$1,000 salary is listed as the holder of enough stock to yield an annual income of \$1,000 at 5 per cent., which would be \$20,000. The stock value of any man in the concern can thus be quickly determined by a simple calculation as soon as his earnings are known. In the division of profits the holders of "manhood stock" are allotted their *pro rata* share precisely the same as regular stockholders; there is no distinction whatever. In other profit-sharing plans it is customary to count a dollar of wages as the equivalent of a dollar of stock, but in this company wages are treated as dividends, or the earning power of stock. Wages are the dividends on the manhood stock, precisely the same as the 5 per cent. is on

the cash capital invested. The owner of \$20,000 stock draws \$1,000 as the earnings of his investment, and is on a par with the man who invests brain power, muscle and skill, and in return receives \$1,000 a year. After the expenses, wages and dividends are paid, the net profits are distributed among the men in proportion to their rating as holders of preferred or manhood stock. In the division of profits 15 per cent. is in cash and 85 per cent. in common stock. The wage-earner thus becomes a capitalist and draws interest first on his "manhood stock" in the form of weekly or monthly earnings, 5 per cent. on his common stock which he has previously acquired, and his *pro rata* share of the annual profits. Capital confers no favors upon labor in the practical outworkings of this plan. The element of patronage, which is so repugnant to American manhood, is entirely eliminated, and in its place is established a system of economic justice which automatically apportions to each man his share of the joint product of capital and labor according to his ability.

Iron Masters Unite

FORTY concerns engaged in structural iron manufacture, with a total capital of considerably more than a billion dollars, have formed an organization known as the National Structural Iron Manufacturers' Association for the purpose of resisting the demands for an increase of wages which their employees will make on May 1. About 300,000 union men are interested. If they make no demands, conditions will remain as they are; but if they insist upon an increase, they will be resisted in every city of importance in the country. The action of the manufacturers has merely stimulated the men to ask for more pay. The present wages in Buffalo are 35 cents an hour, in Boston 37½, in Cleveland, 47½, in Pittsburgh 45, and in New York 50.

Canadian Parliament

THE Canadian Parliament reassembled in its third session on Thursday of last week. Considerable pomp and display marked the occasion. Among the more important measures to be considered is a plan for the redistribution of parliamentary members, which will provoke a contest because it involves a change of boundaries. Bills are also up for the settlement of railway strikes by arbitration, and for the appointment of a railway commission. There are 170 private bills on the docket — forty more than were noticed before Parliament met last year. The principal private measure provides for the building of a transcontinental railway. Charters are asked for four Yukon railways, and several for British Colum-

bia, the Northwest territories and Manitoba. Fifty applications are listed for amendments to existing railway charters and thirty-two for charters for commercial and other enterprises. The demand for charters indicates that Canada is enjoying a period of railway and industrial expansion of considerable magnitude and importance.

Reforms in Russia

NICHOLAS II., the Czar of Russia, issued a decree, on March 12, in commemoration of the birthday anniversary of Alexander III., which provides for religious freedom throughout the empire, the granting of limited local self-government to the towns, and the exemption of the peasantry from forced labor. This is the most important forward movement that has been taken by the Russian Government since the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II. It appears to be a part of the general scheme of improvement which that ruler was preparing to carry into execution at the time of his assassination. The sweeping nature of the decree is fully recognized, and there is general rejoicing in Washington, London, and the capitals of Europe, as well as throughout Russia. Fears, however, are expressed that the powerful party of reaction, led by M. Plehve, Minister of the Interior, may delay or frustrate the realization of the Czar's desires; but great hopes are based on the fact that M. Witte, Minister of Finance, who is a man of great resourcefulness and commanding influence, is in hearty accord with his sovereign in matters of this kind.

Czar Nicholas II.

IT is evident that the Czar expects to be more than a mere figure-head. Like his strenuous imperial neighbor, Emperor William, he intends to rule as well as reign. When he became emperor nine years ago his empire, in its political, social and industrial system, was a relic of the Middle Ages. Actual administration was entirely in the hands of a vast and complex aristocratic and bureaucratic machine composed of merciless despots who conspired together to keep the sovereign from depriving them of their usurped prerogatives. The Czar was then a modest young man of twenty-six, with a modern education and high Christian ideals, who took himself very seriously as the divinely-appointed Emperor of Russia. Seemingly he lacked kingly force of character. Very little was expected of him. He was wise enough, however, to await his opportunity. A few years ago, very much to the consternation of Russian officials and the surprise of the world in general, he proposed The Hague universal peace conference; and now he has struck a staggering blow at the official system which is directly responsible for all the suffering in his dominions, and has opened the way for the gradual evolution of Russia from an autocracy into a constitutional monarchy. His decree is epochal. It promises liberty of conscience, mind and body to millions of men, women and children now in a condition akin to slavery. Nicholas II. has thus made a place in

history for himself by the side of his grandfather, Alexander II., the "emancipator."

Ritualism in England

RITUALISM is an acute issue in England. It recently caused a lively discussion on the floor of the House of Commons. The occasion was a motion for the second reading of a bill which declares that ritualistic practices are growing and that there is a panic in the Church of England because of the failure of the bishops to restrain the clergy. This measure proposes to remove the bishops' veto upon proceedings against contumacious clerics, and enacts that a clergyman who continues disobedient for three months might be deprived of his living. The Evangelicals supported the bill heartily and the members of the High Church party opposed it. Mr. Balfour endeavored to smooth matters over, but would not commit the government to any expression of opinion. He personally opposed the bill as injudicious and unnecessary, although he was far from denying that abuses did exist. In spite of the prime minister's speech the second reading of the bill was carried by a majority of fifty-one amid a scene of great enthusiasm.

Religious Orders in France

FRENCH legislators are again discussing the question of the discontinuance of teaching by the religious orders in that country. The matter came up in the chamber of deputies last week on a proposition submitted by Premier Combes refusing the request for authorization to teach made by fifty-four congregations of monks. It is expected that the debate now in progress will last for a week or ten days. Earnest pleas are made in behalf of the monks on account of their age and inability to care for themselves in any occupation other than teaching, but the present outlook is that the Premier's refusal to grant the permits will be sustained.

New Liquor Law for New Hampshire

THE indications are that, after forty years under prohibition, New Hampshire will follow the example of Vermont and enact a local option liquor law. A bill providing for this change is now being considered by the legislature of that State. While we do not approve of any abandonment of the principle of prohibition, we are constrained to point out some of the more striking features of the proposed measure: All liquor places must be on the street floor. Screens, blinds, side doors, etc., are forbidden. Debts for liquor to be drunk on the premises are not recoverable in a civil court. Liquor may not be sold on Sundays, days of general or city elections, town meetings, or national or state holidays, and sales may be forbidden by the authorities under any license during a time of great public excitement. No license shall be granted for the traffic in any building within two hundred feet of a church or school-house exclusively occupied for that purpose, on the same avenue or street, excepting hotels and

drug stores. Holders of licenses are forbidden to sell to minors, intoxicated persons and habitual drunkards. The husband, wife, parent, guardian or employer of a habitual drunkard, or mayor or one of the selectmen, may give notice to the dealer in writing notifying him not to sell or give liquor to the person having such habit. Disregard of this protest within twelve months makes the dealer liable to prosecution for damages, which may be assessed in any sum from \$100 to \$500. An employer, however, can recover only in case he suffers injury either in person or property, and druggists are exempt in cases of this kind if the sale is made on a physician's prescription. A married woman may bring action in her own name, and all damages recovered by her shall inure to her separate use. Under this provision a drunkard is not even allowed to loiter in a place where liquor is sold.

"Britain's Empire Statesman"

THUS Secretary Chamberlain was acclaimed last week upon his arrival in England. An enthusiastic reception was given him by the populace, and a cordial greeting extended by his official colleagues. In reply to the address of welcome he stated that he had heard, seen and learned much while in Africa, but he warned his countrymen not to overestimate his achievements. A new chapter has been opened in South African history, but progress must necessarily be slow. The petty differences which have hitherto divided the British and the Boers and the Dutch will be gradually lost in the wider circle of imperial interest and obligation. Mr. Chamberlain is now a much greater power in British politics than he was before he went to Africa, but it is doubtful if he will ever be able to carry out his colossal imperialistic program and weld the British dominions into a compact world empire.

Anti-Alcohol Congress in Germany

GERMAN social reformers are much interested in the International Anti-Alcohol Congress, which is to be held in Bremen on April 14. Count Posadowsky, minister of the interior, is honorary president of the organization, and in a circular recently issued he urges the co-operation and attendance of all persons interested in stopping excessive alcoholism. Papers bearing on all phases of the subject will be read by experts. Very little has been done in Germany so far for the regulation of the liquor traffic. A beginning was made last year by the Prussian Diet in restricting the sale of spirituous liquors, and by the organization of the German Verein for the reform of the saloon. This organization, which has received the hearty support of the Kaiser, aims to introduce the Gothenburg system into Germany, and to educate the public against compulsory drinking both in saloon and society. It also proposes to regulate the sale of alcoholic liquors in the public houses and to erect public taverns on the plan of those introduced by Lord Grey in England. A start in this direction has been made by Baron von Diergardt on his estate near Breslau.

General Miles at the Boston Methodist Social Union

The first Ladies' Night of the Social Union for 1903 was held Monday evening at the new headquarters of the Union, the Woman's Club House, New Century Building, on Huntington Ave. The occasion was Military Night, and the principal guest of the evening was Lieut.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles of the United States Army. Governor Bates was present to voice the welcome to the State, and Hon. Charles H. Slaterry extended a welcome for Mayor Collins in behalf of the city. Among the other guests were Col. Albert A. Pope, of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion; Department Commander D. O. Judd, of the Massachusetts Grand Army of the Republic; Capt. J. Stearns Cushing, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery; Bishop W. F. Mallalieu; Rev. S. C. Cary, commandant of veterans' camp of the New England Conference; and members of the staff of General Miles and of Governor Bates.

The hall was beautifully decorated, red, white and blue and the national flag predominating. Over the guests' table were suspended the coats of arms of the United States, the State of Massachusetts, and the city of Boston. These with the beautiful costumes of the ladies, the uni-

fitting, for the victories of Methodism have largely been won because of its militant character, and when it loses its aggressive force then the day of its decline will be dawning. I am particularly pleased to be here tonight for a duty that is so simple and yet so replete with pleasure. I would gladly come to welcome the lieutenant-general of the United States army — an army not so large as many on the face of the globe today, but an army that has never had a problem that it did not solve; an army that has never met an enemy that it did not bring back to its camp eventually; an army that has conquered and always in a good cause. But it is not because he comes tonight as lieutenant-general of the United States army — our army — that I am particularly glad to welcome him. It is because he comes home to us.

General, we are thinking of having an Old Home Week. We think a great deal of the sons and daughters that have gone forth from the old Bay State. We are glad to welcome them back, but there is something more in welcoming you back, sir. We remember that you were born in the heart, as it were, of the old commonwealth, and that in early manhood you left the State in order that you might bear arms for your country. We recall the fact that the struggle was long and desperate. In every battle from Washington to Richmond you were there. As to how you acquitted yourself, the records of history tell, and the scars that you bear upon your person are the witnesses of your bravery and your patriotism. But this is not all. We

The military spirit of Methodism has always been in evidence. Methodism turned the campground into a place of worship. Is it, therefore, fitting that Lieut.-Gen. Miles should be welcomed here tonight. I take pleasure in extending to him a welcome in behalf of old Boston, who counts him among her most worthy sons.

Col. A. A. Pope said:

It is a delightful privilege to welcome back to his adopted city my lifelong friend. In behalf of the members of the Loyal Legion I bid him welcome to his native State. There is another order far greater than that of the Loyal Legion. As your guest arises you will see in the lapel of his coat a little ribbon, significant of the medal of honor granted him by Congress for distinguished bravery.

Colonel Pope told a number of thrilling incidents in General Miles' career. Alluding to the rejection by the governor of his commission as colonel in a Massachusetts regiment, he said with a great burst of feeling: "The stone that the builders rejected has become the head of all."

Generals Sherman, Hooker, Grant, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, were all over forty years old before they came to the command of a division, but this young man came to the command of a division at twenty-five years of age. Where is the record in all history that will match that? I believe he is the greatest of all living soldiers. He not only is a great soldier, but he is an honest man.

When Colonel Pope, describing in detail some experiences of General Miles during the civil war, told of the wounds he received, and of the tender nursing of his sister, which brought him back to life, the flood of memories was too strong, and tears dimmed the eyes of Mrs. Shattuck, who sat among the guests.

Commander D. O. Judd spoke in behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic, Capt. J. Stearns Cushing for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and Col. Arnold A. Rand for the Navy.

Our space will not permit the publication of the scholarly and highly commendatory but somewhat lengthy address of President Washburn, in presenting General Miles to the waiting people. The General was given an ovation when he arose to respond, the entire company rising to greet him. When the applause had subsided he said, in part:

As we pass over our own country we see in every section the evidences of enlightened progress. Leaving our western shores, we find the impress of our institutions has preceded us to the far distant islands of the Pacific. When our flag was first seen floating in the breeze by the people who had lived under the blighting influence of an older civilization they hailed it as the emblem of freedom, justice, equality and progress. I trust that no acts or purposes of our government or our people will ever change that inspiration, belief and hope.

Journeying beyond the western horizon to the far distant Orient, we find a people of an ancient civilization, living under the belief that their customs, their mode of living, their system of government and their principles are best for them and should be preserved with sacred regard. There we find industry, refinement, culture, ingenuity, and all compassed and embarrassed by the methods of an ancient civilization.

To change the ideas of a great people from limited knowledge to broad comprehension is not the work of a single generation; the progress from darkness to light is slow indeed. Whatever methods may be used to bring about the change which may occur in the Celestial Kingdom in the near future, they will, I trust, be prompted by humanity, liberality and a high sense of justice, rather than by harsh and merciless greed, cruelty and spoliation.

In a recent journey we had the good fortune of passing over the greatest zone of unoccupied country, capable of supporting hundreds of millions of people, that is yet as little known and as little understood as any quarter of the globe. Recently it has been traversed by the Trans-Siberian railroad. Centuries ago there swept over portions of Asia waves of conquest under cruel Mongolian conquerors that subjugated western Asia and threatened the civilization of Europe, leaving monuments of human skulls in the wake of their devastations.

Now a wave of a different character is sweeping in the opposite direction; monuments of the victories of peace mark the line of its progress. It carries into the dark sections of the earth the inventions and discoveries that you, in New England, are giving to the world, and also brings the evidences of progress and enlightenment that are being developed in all civilized countries. It unites the whole human family into closer relationship; it inspires the more fortunate with feelings of sympathy and friendship for the benighted and oppressed. It opens a great avenue of commerce and communication, and, in fact, a new way has been found around the old world.

The exercises were brought to an end by the singing of "America" by the entire company and benediction by Rev. Dr. L. B. Bates.



LIEUT.-GENERAL NELSON APPLETON MILES

forms of the guests, and the flowers on the tables, afforded an agreeable picture for the 450 people who were present. At times during the evening selections appropriate to the occasion were splendidly rendered by the Albion Quartet. At the reception, which was held before the dinner, and during the repast, music was rendered by an orchestra.

Grace was invoked by Commandant Cary. After the dinner the assembled people sang together the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and then a very appropriate, patriotic prayer was offered by Bishop Mallalieu. President Washburn was very happy in his introductions of the various speakers. Governor Bates was warmly welcomed by the company, and said:

Military night for the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church! I don't know that they ever had one before, but it is most

remember that you were placed in the regular army, and that when the savages were praying upon the homes in our Western land, it was you who became the famous officer whom the savage most feared, and to whom he was the most ready to surrender. We remember that there was a time when all through the southwest of our nation your name was upon every lip because of the fact that you had relieved them of desperate peril that had assailed them. We remember, too, that when riot broke out in the great Western city, and men were setting law at naught, it was your sturdy hand and your reputation for overcoming obstacles and for obtaining victory that led to the settlement of those great troubles.

Alderman Slaterry, being introduced as the representative of Mayor Collins, said:

The first military knights mentioned in history were the Crusaders. That red cross under which they united has become a symbol of mercy and kindness on the battle-field. The millennium is not close at hand. This union of the church and the military leaders is fortunate.

A TRADITION OF PIETY

THERE is such a thing as a tradition of piety. It is worth a great deal when in any particular family line a confession of religion in due time is the expected thing. Piety itself may not be inherited, but a predisposition to piety may be engendered. There is such a thing as a moral momentum which gathers increasing force as godly life is added to godly life. Religion is certainly an asset worth handing down from father to son and unto all succeeding generations. You may yourself be the beneficiary of a tradition of piety. If not, do what you can to create such a tradition. Try to make religion so natural that it becomes almost automatic. Establish in your own life and in the lives of others a habit of holiness.

NOT ENOUGH

IT is the impulse of the average unreflecting man to seek the solvent of social ills in any one of a number of policies or procedures which at the best touch but the outward aspects of social questions. If the beggar is hungry, he must be fed; if he is bad, he shall be clapped into prison; if the youth shows signs of incipient idioy, he is to be investigated; if the trader outreaches his fellow, he should be legislated into good commercial manners. All this is right enough so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It takes more than a method to reach a man. Until its interior springs of action are touched by such a spiritual force as the Gospel, the best of rules and the most progressive of political programs fall essentially to civilize and educate humanity. A Plato may write a description of an ideal state and still be a heathen. To gospelize is to civilize. To import Jesus Christ into the daily experience of men is to lay solidly and broadly the foundations for a model commonwealth.

GET READY FOR EASTER

PERHAPS it may not be necessary to suggest to most of our pastors that on Easter Sunday a specific sermon on the resurrection of our Lord, or on some phase of that complex theme, should be preached in every pulpit. Yet, for the sake of the younger men in the pastorate who have not yet settled into full-fledged convictions as to their pulpit methods, programs, and themes, and for the sake of the few here and there who seem inclined to make use of Easter Sunday and its musical attractions as an occasion for money-raising or for taking up benevolent collections, it may be helpful to reiterate our conviction that the preacher who fails to preach the "Gospel of the Resurrection" on that Sunday misses thereby a great opportunity and sorely disappoints nine out of ten of his hearers, nearly all of whom have come to church on that morning expecting to hear some aspect of the central fact of the New Testament expounded. Choirs and organists and choristers all over the land, in nearly all the denominations, have been looking ahead and making their selections of music, vocal and instrumental, for the great festal day of the Christian year. Pastors, in like fashion, should be fore-

handed, and in due time make ready for the great opportunity which Easter Sunday affords them.

Every one who has studied the drift of things for the past score of years has surely noted that the custom of observing Easter Sunday with song and sermon appropriate to the associations and suggestions of the day has become almost universal. Within the memory of many of our readers it was the case that very few Methodist pastors and congregations observed the day, while in Presbyterian churches such observance would have awakened opposition as a popish custom. Today a very small minority of Christians, taking Protestantism throughout, cherish any such lingering prejudice against the proper celebration of Easter, and in many pulpits it is the most exhilarating, jubilant and memorable day of the year.

One urgent reason for its observance is based on the evidential value which the resurrection of our Lord has assumed in our time. The arguments as to the validity of His claims, as to the historicity of the chief events narrated in the New Testament, and as to the divine authority of the Gospel, have narrowed down almost to a single point, namely: Did Jesus Christ rise from the dead? Scholarly antagonists, *pro* and *con*, have ranged their offensive and defensive forces closely about this one issue. Hence it is of vital importance that every pastor, every layman, indeed every Christian child, shall understand the facts involved, and shall be brought to see one of the most significant truths of our time—that all arguments and all attacks directed against the traditional and universal belief of the Christian Church in every age that Christ rose from the tomb after His crucifixion, and that His resurrection was a resurrection from actual death, have completely failed. The ablest opponents of the orthodox faith have used their utmost ingenuity to devise a valid and satisfying reason for the early prevalence of faith in the resurrection of Christ—a reason which should not rest upon the validity of the fact involved. They have all failed. Three or four theories have been at various times suggested and ably defended, but not one of them has commended itself to the candid judgment of the world of scholarship. Like a mountain peak thrust out of the surging seas and defying wind and wave, this central and pivotal truth has beaten back all the arguments and assailments which have been brought against it. This fact, familiar to biblical critics, and urged in the class-room upon the attention of young theologues, needs to be made a commonplace in the pulpit. When it is once made clear to an inquiring and doubting mind, that mind will have found an immovable resting place for his weary feet. No man who believes that Jesus Christ rose from the dead will ever have any difficulty in believing in the miracles He wrought during His ministry. Themes pertaining to the Resurrection will swarm about any one of scholarly bent who attempts to study this theme. The Pulpit Commentary and the Biblical Illustrator abound in magnificent material which will set even a sluggish mind to work, while it will start the

intellect and heart and imagination of almost any preacher in the direction of creative activity. Monographs and series of sermons by Westcott, Liddon, Milligan, Steinmyer, Nott, and Krummacker; chapters and sections in the works of G. P. Fisher, Christlieb, Bruce (especially in his "Apologetics"), and articles in the various Bible dictionaries, will furnish in bewildering array a vast body of research and reflection now available to the student. With such material within reach every man who occupies a pulpit ought to set out to master as best he may this stimulating and vitalizing topic, cherishing meanwhile the purpose to prepare a couple of sermons for the coming Easter which will first set his own heart aflame with new hope, faith and zeal; and then, in the next place, will bring fresh courage, confidence and joy to those who listen to the Gospel as he proclaims it. But let him take notice that no old sermon of a dozen or twenty years ago will meet the demands of the case. The theme in its essential phases has new aspects which need to be realized and proclaimed. Shall we have, therefore, each pastor at his best with a new Easter sermon on Sunday morning, April 12—Easter Sunday in 1903?

A Beecher Renaissance

THE effort which Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is making to erect a substantial, noteworthy and every-way fitting monument to Henry Ward Beecher, serves to revive and emphasize this most remarkable man of the American pulpit. The tribute spoken by Grover Cleveland in memory of Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn Academy of Music, Sunday night, March 8, was a splendid evidence of sincere appreciation. Hardly anything could have been more impressive than Mr. Cleveland's reminiscence of the sermon heard almost fifty years ago, the influence of which had remained with him to this day.

It would be impossible for us to fully describe what listening to Mr. Beecher meant to us in the first years of our pulpit ministry. Thrust with dangerous suddenness into the ministry in a rural town in New England, having no theological training and knowing only "whereas I was blind now I see," with an inheritance of traditional and very narrow doctrinal views, with no ministerial companionship to inspire and help, but with aspirations for something larger and better in faith and experience, Mr. Beecher, as he stood in his pulpit, seemed to us a man sent from God. But the most marvelous feature of that wonderful service was not the inspirational and illuminating sermon, but the prayer that rose from his lips and went straight to God. We never heard a man pray like Beecher. The God with whom he talked and reasoned, exulted in, and to whom he poured out his soul in such rapturous faith and assurance, could not be the legal, Calvinistic, terrible God who had been dinned into our ears, during our early life, from a Congregational pulpit. No, no; and He never seemed so after we heard Beecher pray. He was incomparably great and many-sided, but he was greatest in prayer.

One phrase most aptly describes the late Henry Ward Beecher as a preacher—he was "the Shakespeare of the pulpit." His sympathetic nature touched humanity at a

multitude of points. He knew the generic man, and expressed and exposed man to himself. He also drew the lineaments of the ideal humanity, and with a persistent, some might say obstinate, optimism believed that humanity, as by a species of divine evolution, will reach that ideal. Yet it has been said of Mr. Beecher, probably with truth, that while he understood man, he did not understand men. He knew the universal man, that is, but was liable to be imposed upon by the next person who met him. So a Grant could lead armies to victory, but was himself victimized by more than one insignificant individual. Mr. Beecher was a close and constant observer both of the processes of Nature and of the daily round of the world's work as it went on about him. His sermons fairly bristled with all manner of illustrations drawn from the trades and professions. There was in all that he said an intense human as well as divine interest. He lived among men and for men. To a large degree every successful preacher must pursue the same method, bringing his message from the Mount and preaching it amid the populous vales of a busy industrialism.

A conspicuous trait in the character of the late Henry Ward Beecher was his constant hostility to all forms of oppression. He was always hitting at slavery, whether of body, mind, or soul. Some one has aptly observed that his work was to set free the "imprisoned moral sense." Sermons with him were stimuli. He kept poking people up to do their duty. His impassioned appeals assaulted the doors of the prisons of convention or custom wherein the moral sense of the community remained incarcerated. In Henry Ward Beecher there was no particle of the Turk, who argues that because a thing has been therefore it is still to be. His attitude was perhaps more nearly expressed in the resolve: This old thing has been long enough, let us now arise and see if we cannot put a better new thing in its place. In this latter direction Mr. Beecher may have gone too far. He was essentially a radical, who yet could not wholly get away from his early training. To the end, despite all his boldness (and some would say recklessness) of utterance, there was in Henry Ward a good deal of Lyman Beecher. The son was the great modern apostle of love. His favorite hymn was, "Love divine, all love excelling." He painted Divine love with all the glories of the spectrum. For him it was not merely the rainbow athwart the dark clouds of worldly suffering—it was the whole sky ablaze with light. We do not say that he over-emphasized love, but he may have under-emphasized some contributory truths and supplementary aspects of existence. In any case he was no mere sentimentalist or moral weakling, for the Beecher who could give breathless hearers in Plymouth Church such a vision of love divine as seemed to sweep them right up to the borders of the Great White Throne, could also flame out against slavery with such hot wrath as seemed to melt the very shackles of the slaves in oratorical crucibles. Mr. Beecher did a great work in a unique way. The Beecheresque type of man has its place once in awhile in history. It is not easy to record just what Henry Ward Beecher did; many have forgotten the precise things that they heard him say; but he abides in society as an atmosphere, a tonic ether. And whatever of good he has directly or indirectly accomplished must be ascribed not primarily to his wonderful oratorical powers, his vivid imagination, or even his knowledge of humanity, but to the fact that the controlling impulse of his life was, as

his successor Hillis puts it, "a passion for Jesus Christ."

Our Annual Conferences

A MISSIONARY in China, writing home of the progress of the work in one of the mission fields in that curious land, speaks of the zeal and activity of a band of young converts which calls itself by a Chinese title which, translated, means, "The Drum-around and Rouse up Society." There has been a good deal of drumming around and rousing up in quite a literal sense in China of late years, and some of the Chinese Christians evidently think that, as Paul used metaphors taken from the *stadia* of his time, they are justified in turning the customs of the Celestials to good symbolic account for Christ. It would be a good thing if there were more drumming around and rousing up in American church communities. Campaigns of excitation are needed in the church at certain times. The form the excitement takes may vary according to circumstances, but incitement to good works is always in order, and Bible doctrine fearlessly preached and consistently lived out must invariably create a stir wherever it comes.

The drum-beats have their place in church history. Sensation is better than stagnation. In this age, whose symbol is the printing-press, the need of the personal touch of zealous soul on soul is too often overlooked. In the old halcyon days the meetings of our Annual Conferences were decidedly "drum-around and rouse-up" occasions. Conference sessions are occasions when the drum-beats of the Cross should stir the pulses of these leaders of the church. Do not be afraid of a well-grounded enthusiasm. The drum may not be a weapon of offense, but it is a legitimate instrument of excitation to conflict, and has already in history beat many a charge that has roused the dead. Drum around a little and stir each other up to a more vigorous, joyous and aggressive spiritual life at our Conferences.

That Aztec Parsonage

TWO weeks ago we made an appeal for \$200—one-half the amount needed to erect a parsonage for the little Indian Church some six miles from Orizaba, Mexico. Our readers were informed that it was the same people helped by a public appeal made by the editor, written from Mexico, and which appeared in the issue of Feb. 24, 1892. To refresh the memory of our readers we republish the original appeal:

"We at last enter the church—a building thirty-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide. It is constructed of plain boards, perhaps fifteen feet high, and covered with tiles, resembling a rude shed. The floor is of earth. The whole expense of building was \$150. There were some sixty people present. Some sat on rude benches, but most of them squatted on the floor. Children in godly numbers were there, and women with nursing babies in their arms. That was a heroic congregation—such material as we read of in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews was before us. These Indians—grand stock—had suffered for their faith. Before this church was built, while worshiping in one of their sugar-cane cabins, a hundred shots were fired upon them by the fanatical devotees of the Roman Catholic faith. Then they determined to build a church, and, though most of them were very poor, this structure was soon erected. Just opposite the humble building is a Roman Catholic church, enclosed with a wall in a spacious yard—a large and beautiful edifice, such as are found in every village in this land. It is in striking contrast to the poor church of these noble Protestant worshipers, and is filled with images of Jesus, Mary, the saints, and all the brilliance and glitter which usually appeal so strongly to the Indian mind;

but it makes not the slightest impression upon this faithful body of Indians, now organized into a Methodist Church. These elect worshipers now urgently need a new church. In the wet season their present accommodations are largely unusable. Protestantism should speedily plant here, as a perpetual memento of the Christian heroism of these people, and as an object lesson, a better church. The Bishop preached through Dr. Butler as interpreter, and at the close of his sermon the matter of a new edifice was discussed. It appeared that these Indians, no one of whom was receiving over thirty-six cents a day for his labor, and many much less, had subscribed from \$10 to \$30 for a new church. Nearly \$300 was pledged. It is desired to build a church that shall cost \$1,000. The natives, with the aid of friends in Mexico, believe that they can raise one-half of it. Bishop Fowler turned to the writer and asked, 'Will not the readers of ZION'S HERALD raise the other \$500?'

Our appeal brought the needed \$500 in a few weeks. The veteran Dr. William Butler sent a personal note, in which he said: "I enclose four dollars for that chapel near Orizaba. Wish I was able to give ten times as much."

Now this noble but very poor people need a parsonage of their own, and they ask the readers of the HERALD, who so generously provided them with half the funds for the church, to supply half the amount requisite to build the parsonage—\$200. The editor, believing in the responsiveness of his readers to a worthy cause, has written the presiding elder, Rev. H. A. Bassett, that he will try to raise the sum required. We have already received the following amounts:

Dr. C. C. Bragdon,	\$44
Caroline A. Carpenter,	10
Caroline M. Speare,	10
A Friend,	10
A Friend,	10
	\$80

Mrs. Speare, in making her remittance, writes: "Enclosed find my 'mite' towards the \$200 you wish to raise for Rev. H. A. Bassett in Mexico. I met him in the City of Mexico three years ago, and have a very high regard for him and his excellent wife, and am glad of an opportunity to aid him in his work."

Will not our readers send us the \$120 still needed, so that we may promptly remit the full amount, and greatly rejoice the hearts of that little group of heroic and deeply religious descendants of the Aztecs? All donations, large or small, will be gladly received and acknowledged.

PERSONALS

—President Crawford of Allegheny College has returned from his year abroad.

—The Providence News of March 9 publishes the very fine sermon address which Prof. H. C. Sheldon, D. D., delivered in Washington Park Church, that city, on the previous Sunday, upon the sixth chapter of John's Gospel.

—On the morning of Feb. 26, a part of Green Street Church, Piqua, Ohio, was destroyed by fire, together with the large and valuable library of Rev. R. J. Wyckoff, the pastor, whose study was in the church. Mr. Wyckoff was formerly a member of East Maine Conference, stationed at Bar Harbor.

—Rev. C. W. Bradlee, of Biddeford, Me., sends the following under date of March 11: "Rev. Silas M. Emerson, a superannuated member of the Maine Conference, and the oldest in point of service, passed away at the home of his daughter in this city, this morning. His age was 86

years. His wife died about a year ago. A suitable obituary will be forthcoming."

— Mr. Paul Moody, a son of Dwight L. Moody, is one of eleven young Americans who are studying theology this winter under Dr. Denney, at the Free Church College, Glasgow. Mr. Moody is described as "a strong, shrewd man, honest and outspoken."

— Daniel H. Chase, of Middletown, Conn., the man who received the first diploma granted by Wesleyan University, from the hands of President Wilbur Fisk, reached his 90th birthday on March 8. He is in comfortable health and active with pen and tongue.

— Rev. Arthur J. Amery, who entered our Malaysia Mission in 1894, and who, after five years, came to America on furlough, sailed from New York, March 10, by steamer "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." After a stay of six weeks in England, he expects to rejoin the Malaysia Mission. He is a member of the class of 1903 at Drew Theological Seminary.

— Miss Anna Bing, who will speak at the New England Branch quarterly meeting at Allston Church, April 1, is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan, and was formerly a student at the New England Conservatory of Music in this city. Since then she has taught in the school at Nagasaki, Japan, the institution of highest grade of the W. F. M. S. in that empire, and has also done evangelistic work in Sapporo.

— Rev. A. E. Drew, formerly of the New Hampshire Conference, has been returned to the church at Tarpon Springs, Fla., for the fourth year. During the past three years the church has paid off quite a debt, purchased a new organ, furnished the parsonage, repainted both church and parsonage, and nearly doubled its membership. Mr. Drew has fully recovered his health and greatly enjoys his pastorate.

— The *Northwestern* of last week says: "Serious accusations having been made against Rev. Dr. J. M. Caldwell, he withdrew last week from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Later the mental condition of Dr. Caldwell was investigated in Judge Carter's court, Chicago, and he was pronounced insane. It is understood that Dr. Caldwell will be placed in a private sanitarium for treatment."

— The Liberals in England seem still to be without a great leader. Lord Rosebery is an amiable man, of rather keen analytical powers, who lacks in his own soul the pressure and push of the Nonconformist conscience, and who appears incapable of any great synthetic efforts in social reform or politics. He knows how things ought not to be done rather than how to do them. He likes to watch the flight of his epigrams a good deal as the artillerist observes the trajectory of a projectile, but he does not seem much to care whether or not the shot hits the target. Such a man may be a keen critic, but he can hardly become a great moral conqueror.

— Rev. John W. Butler, D. D., of Mexico, writes under date of March 5: "Rev. W. S. Spencer, M. A., for about six years the president of our Mexico Methodist Institute in Puebla, has accepted the principalship of Brigham Academy in Vermont, and leaves in a few days for his new appointment. No workers ever endeared themselves more completely to their fellow missionaries in Mexico than have Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, and we shall be very sorry to lose them. Professor Spencer only consented to accept this position because he has become convinced that neither he nor his wife can hope to have good health and strength at this altitude. Our prayers and

best wishes follow them to this new field of labor."

— Rev. W. M. Nelson, who for the past three years has been pursuing the regular course in Boston University School of Theology, and serving the church in Wilmington for the past two years, returns with Mrs. Nelson to the North Indiana Conference, where they will be assigned work at the ensuing session.

— Mr. G. S. Phippen, of Methuen, celebrated his 88th birthday, the 14th. There was quite a large gathering of his family and friends. A collation was served, and a poem was written for the occasion by his oldest son, R. H. Phippen, of West Somerville, who also gave a piano recital for entertainment. G. S. Phippen is one of the oldest living subscribers to the *HERALD*, having taken it continuously since 1840.

— A well-known New Jersey Presbyterian minister writes: "The publication of Professor Borden P. Bowne's book on 'Theism' is hailed with great satisfaction by all who had the privilege of listening to the distinguished metaphysician while he was delivering the Deems lectures last year before the New York University. It is safe to prophesy that 'Theism' will be given an honored place in many a thinker's library, within easy reach from the study table."

— The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* says: "Governor Pennypacker has appointed Judge John J. Henderson, of Meadville, to the vacancy on the Superior Court bench caused by the resignation of Judge Porter, of Philadelphia, and the Senate will no doubt promptly confirm the nomination. Judge Henderson is a man of eminent legal ability, of judicial temperament, and of high personal character. He is also an active, and has been a lifelong, Christian, and for years has been an officer in First Methodist Episcopal Church, Meadville."

BRIEFLETS

There is an error in the *nom de plume* of the writer of the "Pittsburg Conference Notes," in last week's issue. It should have been "Ignotus" instead of "Ignatius."

Individuality is not conditioned upon either greatness or eccentricity. Every one's path is his own. It may not lead anywhere in particular, but it leads at least where one alone, and none other, has been.

The Veteran Association and the Sons of Veterans of the New England Southern Conference have been invited by Fletcher Webster Post 13, G. A. R., to an open meeting during the session of the Conference at Brockton. There are some twenty veterans, including local preachers.

The Missionary Society has recently received a special gift of \$50 from a farmer in the State of Washington who is cultivating a "missionary potato patch." This gift is the second "yield" the Society has had from this patch.

We are in hearty and emphatic accord with that well-known clergyman who is reported to have said at a recent ministerial association: "It is good that men who have given up the ministry devote themselves to honorable employments. Yet a Reverend sewing machine agent, a Reverend stock-broker, a Reverend pound-keeper, a Reverend constable, or a Reverend peddler, does not enhance respect for the denomination." When any man of any denomination voluntarily chooses to demit the ministry, he should not exploit his

former calling or titles to advertise his business venture.

The *Communicant* is a monthly publication edited by Rev. Dr. George P. Eckman, pastor of St. Paul's Church, New York city, and helpfully devoted to the interests of the church. We have been reading it for several months with special interest. Dr. Eckman has editorial ability of a high order. Now we trust that this commendation, so fully deserved, will not inspire anybody else to inaugurate a weekly or monthly church publication, for this is about the only one out of many hundred that we have examined in the last fifteen years that has shown any good reason for an existence.

For the Christian who is absorbed in the love and service of his Lord, life is a constant now. For such a man there is no real decay of being, loss of power, pitiless oblivion, or sorrowful requiem. His day, his chance, his reward, his joy, are always. Here or there where the headstones, whose white hue seems to hint at the purity of souls who now are walking in white above, rise from the ground in pathetic stillness, lie those who, we say (when in our haste we make our witless, infantile speeches), have had their day. Yes, they have had it, but in a fuller, freer sense they are having their day now. The day of the Christian has a sunrise, but never a sunset. It is the day of constant spiritual blessing, of never-ending opportunity.

The New England Conference convenes, April 1, for its 107th session. At 26 of the sessions there was a double presidency, the last of these occurring in 1874, when Bishop Ames assisted Bishop James. The names, then, of 133 episcopal presidents occur in the Conference records. The distribution is as follows: Bishop Hedding presided (in whole or in part) 20 times, Asbury 18, McKendree 8, James 8, George 8, Waugh 6, Simpson 5, Whatcoat 4, Roberts 4, Soule 4, Morris 4, Baker 4, Scott 4, Ames 4, Andrews (including the present session) 3, Foster, Merrill, Bowman, Foss, Walden, Mallalieu, 2 each, and the following 1 each: Emory, Hamline, Thomson, Clark, Wiley, G. Haven, Harris, Peck, Warren, Nide, Newman, Fitzgerald, Hurst, Goodsell, Fowler, Joyce, Cranston. So that 38 Bishops in all have favored this old Conference with their official counsels. Eight Bishops — for the church has had 46 — have not thus officiated: Of the deceased, Coke, Andrew, Kingsley and E. O. Haven; of the living, Vincent, McCabe, Moore, and Hamilton. No two of the 38, of course, have been precisely alike in their administration. A sketch of the recollections and anecdotes concerning the peculiarities of these men such as might be given by some one of our veterans who has been fifty years in the Conference, would make very racy reading. No less than 27 different presidents came within the half-century. The period is covered by just 3 secretaries — W. R. Bagnall, E. A. Manning, and James Mudge.

Some of the very best public speakers are conscious of a momentary timidity when they arise to address an audience, although when they are once fairly launched into their speech their self-possession is perfect. Such a trepidation at the beginning of a public effort may be due to great sensitiveness of spirit, and, just because it is indicative of a sympathetic temperament, may be regarded as the note of a true orator. The man who does not respect his audience to start with, can hardly do much with it, or with his theme. Orators both make and are made by their occasions. The man who begins with an easy loquaciousness and

cool defiance of his audience may flame up like a struck match, but he will be likely to burn out as quickly as a match dies away. The true speaker may not so easily catch fire, but, when once kindled, he will keep his glow much longer.

Given a personality, and all sorts of accessories become matters of comparatively slight account. Culture, accomplishments, wealth, worldly station—all these count for next to nothing—when the world discovers a real personality; well enough if a man has them, but not essential if he has not. It is personality that is the vital force.

A Remarkable Achievement

WITH unusual gratification we announce that a long-time friend of Rev. Dr. C. A. Crane, from Colorado, who spent a Sabbath at People's Temple recently, was so favorably impressed with the quality and magnitude of the work there, that he voluntarily offered to give \$9,000—one-half the debt—provided the other \$9,000 be secured by the first of April. That same day another friend of the Temple, to whom the above facts were stated, offered \$5,000 to secure the \$9,000 from the Colorado friend. In a few moments another \$1,000 was secured, thus turning to the Temple \$15,000 to be applied on the \$18,000 debt, provided all be secured. Since then several hundreds more have been subscribed, making certain that all will be secured by April first. Dr. Crane is to be profoundly congratulated over this result, in which Boston Methodism, the New England Conference, and the church at large, will gratefully rejoice.

HON. C. C. CORBIN DEAD

THE editor was inexpressibly shocked and saddened to learn, on Sunday morning, that Hon. Chester C. Corbin had passed away, the afternoon before, from the Waldorf-Astoria, New York city, where he and Mrs. Corbin have been spending the winter. Lunching with a few special friends Saturday noon, he returned early in the afternoon to his apartments at the Waldorf, suffering much distress from angina pectoris (to which he has been subject for several years), and, growing dangerously worse, he died shortly after 3 o'clock.

Mr. Corbin was born in Dudley, Mass., Sept. 25, 1841. He removed to Webster in 1852. He was converted at Sterling camp-meeting in 1856, under the preaching of Rev. Samuel Tupper. He was a trustee and steward of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Webster, and a trustee of St. Mark's Church, Brookline. When in New York city he attended Madison Ave. Church, and when in Boston St. Mark's, and frequently First Church, Temple St. He was elected superintendent of the Webster Sabbath-school in 1861, and had held that position continuously ever since; was a trustee of Boston University and of Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, of which he was a student; had been a member of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society since 1889; was elected a member of the Wesleyan Association in 1889; was a member of the Massachusetts State Senate in 1881 and '82; was president of the First National Bank of Webster, and a director in various other banks and business corporations. He entered upon

his business career at the age of 21 as junior member of the firm of B. A. Corbin & Son, shoe manufacturers, at Webster. Four years later Mr. Corbin became managing member of the firm. In October, 1880, the senior Corbin died, and under the old firm name Mr. Corbin conducted the business until one year ago, when he disposed of all but a nominal interest. He was a man of unusual business ability, equal to the management of great financial interests, and until the development of dangerous heart trouble, several years ago, was prodigiously active, his business judgment being considered particularly wise and safe.

Such a brief summary of his business activities conveys but a very inadequate idea of the peculiar charm and usefulness of his life to those who belonged to the unusually large circle of his intimate friends. Mr. Corbin was a Christian gentleman of the truest, highest type. A wide traveler, fond of cultivated society, able to be generous, with quick sympathies and an unerring penetration in detecting real merit, with democratic instincts and a nature that delighted supremely in imparting comfort and joy to others, there ever emanated from him an atmosphere of good cheer and hopefulness. Few men could be so apt and genuine in speaking the helpful word to brother men in the hard struggles of life. He had a genius for making friends, and bound them to him indissolubly. In later years Mr. and Mrs. Corbin have lived at the Waldorf-Astoria from January until spring, at the Poland Springs House during the summer, and at the Vendome, this city, in the fall months. Everywhere he had groups of the choicest friends, whose aching hearts now reveal how deeply they loved him.

He was a man of great usefulness to the Methodist denomination, to which he was devotedly attached. He gave generously during his entire life to ministers, to churches, and to the connectional causes of the church. There are many ministers who will gratefully say, as they mourn his death, "It was Mr. Corbin whose gift at a critical time in my pastorate helped me out of what seemed a hopeless financial condition." He was an intelligent student of his church, and thoroughly familiar with all of its work and its leading ministers and laymen. As a member of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society he had come to be gratefully recognized as a most valuable adviser and administrator. While unusually benevolent, he insisted, as it was often necessary, that the expenditure of missionary money should be brought under the control of cautious and wise business principles. His associates on the board came to have special confidence in the wisdom of his judgment. While he gave freely to all good causes, he investigated carefully demands for assistance and would not be duped. Though the gentlest and most gracious of men, yet he hesitated not to frankly declare his convictions when pressed to aid, as he often was, an unworthy man or cause. He was a valuable member of the recent Ecumenical Conference which met in London, and of the previous one that assembled ten years before in Washington. He was elected to the General Conference of 1884

with Jacob Sleeper, and was often urged to accept elections later, but excused himself on account of his health.

As a trustee of Boston University, to which he was deeply attached, he gave generously of his time and wealth. He was especially interested in raising the \$200,000 endowment fund, and the deep religious nature of the man found expression on that memorable occasion when, the full amount having at last been subscribed, he proposed a season of prayer in thanksgiving to Almighty God for what had been achieved.

As a member of the Wesleyan Association Mr. Corbin was particularly helpful and essential. He often said that there was no election of his life that gave him more gratification than when made a member of this body. A New Englander by birth and filled with her spirit, he especially believed in ZION'S HERALD, its genius and mission. He always insisted that the paper should maintain its peculiar traditions, spirit and independent purpose. The editor cannot trust himself to refer to the tender and fraternal relations that so long existed between himself and the deceased. He must say, however, that during these fourteen years there was scarcely a week, when in Boston, that Mr. Corbin did not call at the office. When absent, his letters came with blessed frequency and regularity—the last the middle of last week, covering several pages. And in these years of editorial responsibility, when the pressure of events often obliged the editor to express judgment upon some important subject without time for reasonable deliberation, never did he receive an implied word of censure from Mr. Corbin.

But if we would know how sincerely and deeply he was loved, we must follow him to his boyhood home in Webster, where he had grown up, made his first business success, and by his approachableness won the affection of the citizens. The humblest man in his employ well nigh worshiped him. His local church was always in his thought. For forty-two years he had been elected superintendent of the Sunday-school, and, though absent from the town most of the time in later years, the school would not elect any one else. He gave bountifully to support the church, and saw to it, every year, whether at home or abroad, that his church gave generously to the Preachers' Aid Society and all connectional causes. He has gone, but we take no risk in predicting that this benefactor has made generous provision for the support of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Webster.

On Wednesday, as he is laid to rest in the family cemetery, we expect to see such substantial and general expression of affectionate sorrow from the entire township as is accorded to but few men brought home for burial.

Next month he and Mrs. Corbin were planning to go to Nauehm again for the baths which proved so beneficial to him three years ago. What a husband this man was! The relation between him and his wife was idyllic, but too sacred for public mention. May He who said, "I will not leave you comfortless," help the stricken wife in this sudden and desolate bereavement.

THE THREE PARABLES *

REV. CHARLES E. DAVIS.

TEXT — LUKE 15.

THE dramatic fifteenth chapter of the Gospel as written by Luke, containing the three parables, the Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, the Lost Boy (the Prodigal Son), is considered by many to be the most interesting and suggestive portion of the New Testament. Some consider each of these parables as independent of the circumstances that led the Saviour to utter it, and as having no relation to the other two parables. Each is a gem that shines with its own brilliancy, but if we desire to appreciate something of the great value of these jewels, it is well for us to examine their mountings, and to note the light they flash on each other.

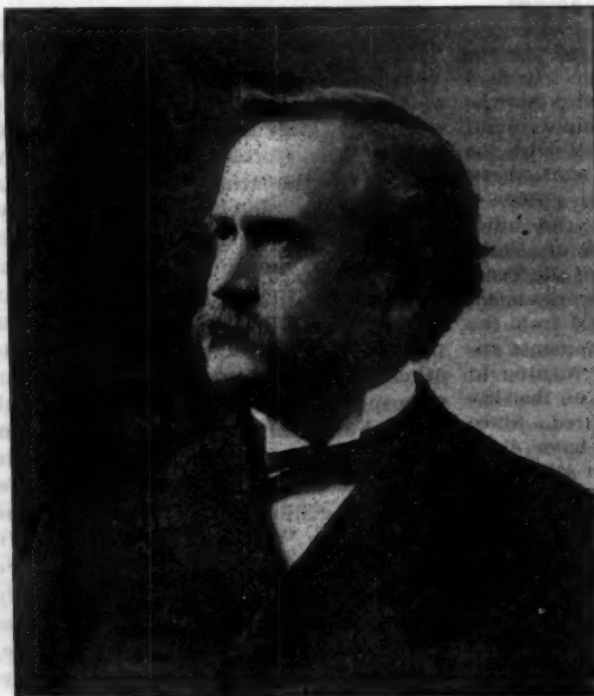
There are two dangers before the Bible reader: He is liable to get a very superficial view of the truth contained in passage, chapter, or epistle because of a too rapid or partially inattentive reading; and, when he diligently studies certain portions of Scripture, he is liable to read into the lessons some things which were not in the mind of the writer. The student of the parables of Jesus must be very careful lest he be guilty in both respects. We are in danger of being satisfied with a very rapid reading of these beautiful parables because they are so wonderfully simple. We are liable to be caught by the beauty and dramatic power of these utterances of Jesus, and are satisfied with the picture, the story, or with very superficial applications of the parable. On the other hand, we may allow our imagination too much liberty, and in our diligent study of these powerful illustrations make applications which, though good and useful in and of themselves, are not in any proper sense derived from these parables. The parable of the Lost Sheep is not intended to teach the dangers attending the Christian who withdraws from the church; the Lost Coin is not a rebuke of the Christian church that neglects her converts; the Lost Boy does not teach that an intense and impulsive sinner may make a powerful Christian. These may all be true, but these parables do not teach any such lessons.

We wish in this series of sermons to call attention to some of the lessons contained in these parables — lessons that are of great importance because they show the relation the Saviour sustains to the sinner, the relation the sinner holds to his Saviour, and the relation the sinner saved by grace shows toward the sinner who is in a lost condition. These lessons will become the more evident if, before we consider the parables either separately or collectively, we note with some care the

Circumstances that Led Jesus to Speak

these three parables. It is the privilege and duty of every Christian to carefully study the history of the chosen people of God. God has given us two grand object lessons for our instruction: (1) The Hebrews are a type of the human race. (2) Jesus Christ is the perfect model for the human race. If we study the Jews we see most vividly the blessings that attend right living, and the awful consequences that inevitably follow all sin. The history of the children of Abraham is an inspiration and a warning. The life of the Jews shows us what ought to be done; that is, the Old Testament is the Bible of commands. The life of Jesus shows us how to do what ought to be done;

that is, the New Testament is the Bible of assistance, sympathy, life. God gives the great crude lesson first. He sends the Hebrews to teach their important lesson, then in the "fullness of time" He sends His well-beloved Son to supplement the lesson so fully presented, though not completely learned. The introduction of the life that teaches the second lesson inevitably clashes with the life that was teaching the first lesson, and we are presented with that portion of the world's history so dreadfully painful, and yet so absolutely necessary — the crucifixion of the central life of the one by the mistaken and intense bigotry of the other. This fatal consummation becomes a



REV. CHARLES E. DAVIS

centre from which radiates the power of a new religion that is to save the world.

For nineteen centuries the followers of Jesus Christ have held the religious teachers of the Jewish faith in severe and at times bitter contempt. I am ready to be severe in criticism of anything and everything savoring of dishonesty and hypocrisy, but I cannot join in the universal criticism of the Jews of the Saviour's day. That the Jews did wrong, I admit; that this race has suffered terribly because of its sin, I grant; but there is another view to be presented if we would know the whole truth, and it is with the greatest interest that I try to study the circumstances which led Jesus to speak these three parables.

"Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured saying, This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Jesus spoke these three parables as a reply to this murmuring. What were the circumstances that led to the murmuring?

From the days of Abraham to the present the Hebrews have been remarkable for their devotion to God, their loyalty to country and religion, as well as for their wanderings from duty and their apostasies, perhaps unequalled in the world's history. In one generation they have been the true servants of Jehovah; in the next they have been the most ardent worshipers of idols. National destruction, the inevitable and natural doom of all unfaithful nations; partial restoration, showing God's mercy; and repeated individual and national sins, cutting them off from the favor of the Infinite Father, attract our attention as we read history. The tragic events of Hebrew

history from Abraham to Jesus tremendously affected the religious life and thought of this chosen people of God. It ought not to be a source of surprise to any one to find the Pharisees and Sadducees of the Saviour's day possessed of many religious ideas that were not only unreasonable, but decidedly irreligious, if we may judge them in the light of the present day. It is our duty, however, to consider these irrational religionists not as thoroughly dishonest and wicked at heart, but as men bitterly suffering because of the great sins of their ancestors. The Egyptian Captivity, the result of the sins of the sons of Jacob; the long wanderings in the desert, the direct result of weak and vacillating characters; the destructive wars attending the settlement of the Hebrews in the "Promised Land"; the departure from God's laws; the wickedness of Saul; the fatal sin of David; the profligate career of Solomon; the terrible apostasy of Jeroboam and his idolatrous successors; the Babylonish captivity — all these stamped an awful seal on the chosen of God; and the restoration presents us with a race cramped, dwarfed and crippled in its religious life. While we ought to severely criticize the censurable religious conceptions of the ceremonial Jews of the first century, we ought in charity to carefully consider the ancestral estate upon which they were perforce compelled to enter. Jesus was full of tenderness for the Pharisees in all mat-

ters relating to their inheritance, and He was only severe with these rabbis when He detects actual dishonesty in their words and life.

We must also remember the peculiar power that all ceremonial observances had on this race which had suffered so much. I plead for the Jew, for the Pharisee if you please. Christianity demands of us, her votaries, that we treat the mistaken doctors of the Sanhedrin with Christian courtesy and consideration. Brother Christian, hear me fairly. Put yourself in the place of the intelligent rabbi, not of the twentieth century, but of the first third of the first century; not in Boston, but in Jerusalem. Put yourself in his place, and tell me what you think of the rites and ceremonies of your religion (remember there was no Christianity then). There is *your temple*, restored according to prophecy, Jehovah miraculously assisting those who returned from the Captivity to build again the sacred place and the walls of the holy city. For two generations your fathers prayed in Babylon, their faces turned toward Jerusalem. God heard those prayers. Daniel and the three Hebrew children remain in your memory; Nehemiah and Ezra inspire you and rouse you to intense enthusiasm. Standing there, you see the cloud of sacrifice going heavenward from your temple — God's Temple — tell me what you think of the Jewish rites and ceremonies. You are honest and intelligent, and you must believe that Jehovah is well pleased with those rites and ceremonies.

But this is not all. You have your history. You think again and again of Jehovah's miraculous assistance. You have your temple and your many serv-

*An introduction to a series of sermons which Rev. C. E. Davis recently preached in Tremont St. Methodist Episcopal Church, this city, published at the request of the official board of the church.

ices. You have the Word of God. But you have more. In yonder temple is the Holy of Holies. No human being may enter that awful place save the high priest, and he is allowed to enter there but once a year. There is the ark of the covenant, there the mercy seat, there the cherubim, there is the sacred place where God dwells. As you stand without while your high priest goes within to offer the great sacrifice of the year, as you believe that your God-appointed priest is in the awful presence of Jehovah, whose name you dare not take on your lips, so great is your reverence — will you, can you, tell me how much you revere the rites and ceremonies of your Jewish religion? We in the dawn of the twentieth century may dimly see how those rites and ceremonies are typical of the Great Sacrifice; but you, standing there in the flush of the first century, know nothing of Jesus Christ save as you have caught glimpses of Him in prophecy, and for many reasons you have distorted your imperfect vision. We see that the rites and ceremonies were preparatory for something greater; you, standing there in the first century, saw them as a glorious consummation.

You will perceive that I am hinting at two great reasons why the Jews in the time of Jesus had very distorted religious ideas. They were crippled by the inevitable consequences of past national sins, and they were entangled by pardonable misapprehension of the end of their rites and ceremonies. In these two ways they were led into great mistakes from which they could not escape by any natural means. It was perfectly natural for them to think that the religious life in its essence consisted of external, not internal, purification. If they considered heart purification necessary, they erroneously supposed that strict observance of laws and ceremonies would accomplish this. If the stream was impure, they thought to make it pure by planting roses along its bank, never thinking of cleansing the fountain.

Naturally the Jewish religion was cold, without sympathy, commercial. The rabbis were severe and arbitrary, repelling confiding and sympathetic natures. There was nothing in the Jewish service that invited the sinner. The sacrificial offerings produced fear and awe, but never excited love and gratitude. The worship in the synagogue was uninteresting and repulsive to many who longed for the true religious life. If a sinner approached the synagogue he heard anathema, not invitation; and he turned away sorrowfully or in anger. The sinner misunderstood the priest, the priest hated the sinner. The sinner hated the rabbi, the rabbi detested the sinner. Severe punishments were inflicted upon those who offended the religious laws of the kingdom, death itself being too common.

Jesus began His ministry in a very religious country, but the religion was almost a failure because it separated the sinner from the best religion known at that time. How different was the Saviour's method of teaching from that of the rabbis! The latter considered themselves defiled if a sinner touched their garments; but Jesus freely associated with the fallen and debased. The murmuring of the scribes and the Pharisees was perfectly natural, in perfect accord with their religious training, and perfectly honest. Jesus was literally setting aside their ideas of right and wrong when He sat at meat with sinners, and they would not have been honest had they not spoken against the new religious teacher who opposed with impunity manners and customs hitherto considered divinely approved. Jesus saw the difficulty that was separating the rabbis from Him, and with no resentment He showed them

the great error of the Jewish religion.

Object Jesus had in Presenting the Parables

The harsh treatment of the sinner at the hands of the rabbis was not alone because they detested the low and fallen. The Pharisees actually had no conception of redemption for the sinner. Fraternity was almost unknown among them, mainly because they had a miserable and contracted conception of God. They knew little or nothing of the Fatherhood of God. How strange it is that in all of the religions of all time there is an almost complete absence of the Fatherhood of God! Jesus Christ came to this earth as the Only Begotten Son of the Father, and from the beginning of His ministry humanity has been learning more and more the beauty and sublimity and grandeur contained in the words, "Our Father." The Jews worshiped Jehovah; the Christian loves "Our Father." Without a conception of the Fatherhood of God the Hebrews necessarily had no adequate conception of mercy, love and tenderness. They never dreamed that they ought to seek the lost sinner. How could they entertain such a thought? Everything in their religion was against it. Let the sinner seek the priest, not the priest the sinner.

How may these learned doctors be shown their fundamental error? Give your imagination the widest liberty, and find a better method than the one Jesus used. Here was Jesus associating with the outcast. At this time the bitterest opposition to the New Teacher had not arisen. The Pharisees and the Sadducees closely studied John the Baptist; now they have turned their attention to the teachings and methods of Jesus. They are shocked to see Him sitting at meat with sinners — a very grave offence for the religious Jew; and Jesus is a Jew, a Jew recognized as a religious teacher. They murmur against this profanation of His high office. Jesus hears their mutterings, and, rising, He confronts them with a simple parable, to which they have no objection. He speaks with perfect simplicity. He finishes one parable, and before they can give answer or ask a question, He rivets their attention with another parable, and the crowd gathers about Him, listening with rapt attention. Before they are aware that He has finished the parable of the Lost Coin, they are eagerly listening to that matchless production of simplicity, the Prodigal Son. When Jesus had finished the three parables no one asked Him any questions. Jesus had done a most wonderful thing. With the utmost delicacy of expression He had introduced into their religious conceptions the great truth — God's intense desire to save all men. How quietly did He overwhelm their conception of God's relationship to man! With most wonderful tact Jesus quickly speaks these three parables, not a word of which could be misunderstood, not a word could be objectionable to the captious Pharisees. The parables, taken separately or together, do not offend these eager listeners. The lesson of each parable, and the one great lesson contained in the three when taken collectively, is so plainly manifest that silence falls upon all as they stand there rapt in thought on a new truth which they had not conceived before. What was the object of these parables? Jesus perceives the fatal error in the religion of the Jews. He is too wise to madly attack that which they consider perfect and sacred, but He adroitly turns their attention to these parables that contain the unmistakable lesson of God's intense desire to save all men; also the direct or strongly implied lesson that this salvation can only be secured when God seeks the lost sinner. Jesus utters no rebuke, but He teaches lessons

that must lead the rabbis to rebuke themselves. Jesus undermines a strong Jewish conception by suggesting one that is far better. The Pharisee shuts himself away from the sinner and the outcast, proud in his ceremonial righteousness, but God so loves the world that He goes anywhere, everywhere, that He may bring back the wanderer. These parables taught this.

These and similar considerations are preliminary to a correct study of these beautiful parables. With these simple thoughts, or such as these, we may approach them with safety. If we keep steadily in mind the circumstances surrounding the Saviour on the occasion when He spoke these parables, also the object He had in view as He uttered them, we shall not get false lessons from the beautiful chapter in the Gospel of Luke that has been studied for years by the scholars.

Moral Derailers

NUMEROUS accidents which have occurred lately on the railroads or the trolley lines have called attention to the use of derailing switches, some of which are automatic and others worked by hand in cases of emergency. Whatever may be thought of the expediency or propriety of using a "derailer" to throw an offending or threatening moving body off the track, when it is running on the rails of commerce, it is evident, when it comes to the sociological sphere, that society must protect itself by the prompt and energetic use of derailing devices whenever mob violence arises or grievous ills or crazes assail cherished ideals or institutions. The good sense and the quick wit of the stable portion of the community must again and again intervene to deflect impending moral calamities, and to ditch them into some convenient Kedron before they have time to wreck family, school, church or society at large. It would be a good plan for each intelligent reader to think up for himself some of these convenient derailing devices which are to be kept ready at hand for use in moral emergencies.

Buried Treasures

BEFORE the coal famine becomes a reminiscence, it may be well to record a curious incident that happened not very long ago at a military academy in New Jersey. An unsuspected supply of coal was found beneath the cellars of the academy. It seems that a year previous to that date the principal of the school improved a favorable opportunity to put in a big supply of fuel into his cellars. In some unaccountable way the coal began to decrease very rapidly. A year afterward, when fuel was at a premium, while the janitor was searching around for coal, to his surprise he found that the cover of an old well had broken beneath the weight of the coal originally laid in and allowed it, unbeknown to the school authorities, to settle into the opening. The five tons or more of black diamonds thus involuntarily stowed away proved a species of buried treasure of a very handy kind to have around in a time of coal scarcity.

It may be that in the hearts, homes, or social environment of many good people there are stowed away resources analogous to the buried coal of the Jersey school, representing just so much fuel for emotional combustion, just so much potential energy which may be turned to practical account in pushing forward the work of life. Go look in the cellar for the buried talents or resources, intellectual or spiritual, that now lie forgotten and unused, but which, if unearthed, may help you and the world on a good bit.

LIFE IS NOT LONG

CORA C. BASS.

Life is not long;
No need to sigh,
Or deem it wrong
That we must die;
For many a mile
'Mid laughter, tears,
Will Hope beguile
Us from our fears.

Life is not long.
A kind reply,
A word, a song,
And bliss is nigh;
Though clouds annoy,
Love, pity, pain,
And light and joy
Are not in vain.

Life is not long.
The cares we dread
As blessings throng
The path ahead.
Shall foes command,
When strife and storm
A master hand
Can thus transform?

Lowell, Mass.

THE CHARM OF STORMS

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THERE is something about a storm that quickens the blood and kindles the spirit of a vigorous person. Whether it be snow, rain, wind, or wave, the tumult of the elements seems to rouse a glowing and wholesome excitement in mind and body. The imagination is fired; the pulse beats faster and stronger; the muscles ache to sally forth and do battle with the powers of the air. The whole man feels pleasurably incited and challenged. There is a real revival of romance in the pelting of fierce rain against the window-panes, the roaring of great winds in the trees, the blinding fury of a northeast snowstorm, and the thunder of surf on a bleak shore.

This charm of the storm appeals peculiarly to nature's sturdiest lovers — poets, naturalists, sportsmen, trampers, woodsmen, farmers. What a storm-lover Wordsworth was! His poems are full of allusions to

"The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves."

And no less a lover of wild weather was Burns, "whose barefoot Muse," as James Russell Lowell says, "got the color in her cheeks by vigorous exercise in all weathers." Lowell adds for himself, of the wintry blast, that it "soon blows your head clear of fog, and makes you see things as they are."

Thoreau was a passionate storm-lover. Indeed, Burroughs thinks that the Concord hermit's passion for storms, and his many drenchings, helped to shorten his days. But Thoreau was such an inconsiderate storm-lover — so intoxicated with the charm of wild weather — that he bade defiance to the most fundamental hygienic rules. The willfulness and almost perverse independence of his nature seemed to find partial vent in his disregard of the laws of health. In one of his journal entries he says: "I sometimes feel that I need to sit in a far-away cave through a three weeks' storm, cold and wet, to give a tone to my system." And

he came so near to this tonic regimen that he actually went and lay down in a stubble field, in March, as he notes in his journal: "A long, soaking rain, the drops trickling down the stubble, while I lay drenched in a last year's bed of wild oats, by the side of some bare hill, ruminating!"

Thoreau had a strange notion that, to get the fullest physical and spiritual value of a chilling rain, "we must be out a long time and travel far in it, so that it may fairly penetrate our skin." No wonder a man with such theories (and practices) died from consumption in middle life! Yet, I am convinced, there never was a man who got so much delight out of storms, while he lived, as Thoreau. His motto seems to have been, "Short, but bitter."

I have known not a few sportsmen who loved the first snowstorm of the season better than a full bag; and I have often met them, at such a time, roaming still-footed through the woods, when every covert was like a coral grove or a cave full of stalactites, when every low-sweeping hemlock was a great white tent, loaded to the earth with snow, and every creature was hiding, with all scent obliterated, under some half-buried wigwam-bush. "Any game?" I would ask. And the answer would be: "No — but it's a fine storm!" So the man with the gun would tramp contentedly on, reveling in the unearthly beauty, the mantled strangeness, of his familiar woods. Snow from the bending branches would sift down his neck; his gun would be beaded with drops, his clothing soaked; and not a game bird or animal would he see to test his skill upon. Yet he would return home filled with a quiet elation, all glowing with the excitement of the muffled woods, and write that day down as one of the red-letter days in his field-book. Truly, the sportsman is an essential poet in his responsiveness to the charm of storms.

But, no doubt, he who gets the greatest delight out of storms — speaking of men in the average — is the trampler, the rambler, the man of the footpath way. He is the one above all others who goes to nature with absolute singleness of purpose — to catch all the sweetest suggestions from association with her. The poet, when he goes into the woods and fields, is thinking more or less of his public, his art, the form in which his impressions and observations are to be cast. The naturalist has his notebook to refill; he has a perpetual cast of the eye toward details, materials, usable bits of knowledge. The sportsman under all circumstances is a sportsman still, with heart and attention divided between the charms of nature and the charm of expectation — the always possible shot. The woodsman and the farmer are constantly about their several business. But the rambler has no other business or enterprise than to enter into the fullest and most satisfying companionship with nature at all times, to capture the most elusive charm of her every mood and manifestation — to catch, if possible, that long-ago-lost hound and bay horse and turtle-dove upon whose trail Thoreau traveled so long and lovingly.

And, in truth, Thoreau was so little of

a professional or specializing naturalist, he made his natural science so subsidiary to his spiritual interpretation of nature, that he may well stand as the perfect type of the single-purposed man of the open, the ideal rambler and field-farer. Of all out-door men who have committed their impressions, feelings, glimpses of hidden meaning, to writing, Thoreau comes closest, we may safely say, to nature's heart. He was, and probably always will be, the most perfect example in life and in letters of a man who is truly nature's companion. Consequently, what he has to say of storms — aside from his rash physical disregard of them — is better worth listening to than the report of any other writer. Thoreau, as I have said, felt most exquisitely the charm of storms. His was a nature peculiarly responsive to them — they "came home to him," as Burroughs says — and throughout all his writings there are constantly recurring references to the delights of wild weather. A long chapter might be made simply of storm-quotations from Thoreau, and it would be the most charming chapter in all meteorological literature. His word-pictures are simply inimitable, and add wonderfully to the effect of those impressions he gives us of nature under stress of the elements — impressions which all of us have more or less faintly and imperfectly received, but have never before succeeded in making definite to our own minds. I would advise all nature-lovers who wish to pursue this subject of storms into the region of its finest literary treatment to read Thoreau's books, printed journals and all. There they will find not only the best things that ever were said about nature's rougher elements, but also the best things, the keenest and brightest and most trenchant, that were ever said about certain other things under the sun.

I am sure that the race of storm-lovers is not dying out, especially in this country. The American people, young and old, are turning more and more to nature and outdoor recreations and sports for restoration of energy and renewal of the zest of life; and as the blood of the generations thus grows redder and warmer, we naturally find people growing more vigorous, more buoyant, more physically aggressive — taking a keener delight in all that quickens the circulation and healthfully tests the physical powers. The joy of facing a storm, of battling with it, overcoming it, getting the good of its grand elemental friction, is a charm of wild weather that is appealing ever more and more potently to our virile Anglo-Saxon race. And from this appreciation of the physical charm of storms we may easily and naturally advance to that romantic kindling of the mind and spirit which is the beginning of all poetry.

Melrose, Mass.

A new British tramp steamer, the "Beckenham," brought safely across the ocean a cargo valued at nearly a million dollars all the way from India to Long Island Sound. But just before entering the East River, the other day, the steamer ran aground in the fog, tearing two great rents in its bow. Only by great good fortune was the craft enabled to dock finally without injury to its valuable cargo. The

Christian believer is engaged on a long and momentous voyage to eternity. He may be an aged Christian, who has traversed many leagues of the heavenward way; yet he cannot afford to relax vigilance so long as life remains, lest in some fog or storm he be driven on the rocks and his precious cargo of heavenly hopes be destroyed. Only he who endures to the end shall be saved.

A PATRIOT AND MARTYR

REV. J. M. DURRELL.

GOD raises up patriots and martyrs for the struggles of peace as truly as He calls men to die on the field of battle. During the last year of our civil strife, while Grant was pushing Lee to his final defeat, and while Sherman was leading his columns of blue from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a girl was born in southwestern New Hampshire who was destined, with thousands of others, to carry on by peaceful measures the work left incomplete by war.

Nellie A. Crouch, daughter of Amos C. and Huldah A. Crouch, was born in Chesterfield, N. H., July 12, 1864. As her parents were constant readers of ZION'S HERALD, this weekly messenger of good tidings enabled the growing girl to bridge over the chasm between the Bible of the Jews and modern life. The HERALD'S reports of Christian work created a taste for church news, and helped to form in her mind ideals of duty.

Her parents having moved to Swanzey when she was seven years old, she came within riding distance of Keene, where the family found a religious home in Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. In the spring of 1876 Bishop Simpson appointed Rev. George W. Norris to Keene. This man of God — now resignedly waiting for either returning health or the prophet's chariot — had a strong influence on Nellie's thinking. At his invitation she joined on probation in June of the same year, and was received in full connection the following May. None of the sober-minded communicants who saw her stand at the altar-rail perceived anything more in the service than the usual items of interest incidental to church obligations when taken by a twelve-year-old girl; but God was preparing for His name a chosen witness.

Ambitious to prepare herself for future usefulness, Miss Crouch improved the various advantages within her reach, and graduated at the seminary, Northfield, Mass., in the class of 1886. Before her studies were completed at Northfield her heart had already been drawn out toward the activities of home missions, so that within a few weeks after her graduation she commenced negotiations for work among the colored people of the South. A position as teacher in Mrs. Steele's Orphanage, Chattanooga, Tenn., was offered her, which she accepted as an opening from the Lord, and where she stayed for two years. Another two years were spent in Mrs. Mather's school, Beaufort, S. C.

In these four years it became apparent to her friends that Miss Crouch was a born teacher, and her ability was recognized by an invitation to take charge of the school connected with the F. O. Browning Home, Camden, S. C., under the patronage of the Woman's Home

Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The position offered ample opportunity for foresight, wisdom, skill, patience, love, and unstinted self-denial. To take in hand such of the young people of the colored race as Providence sends to our schools in the South, to teach them, discipline them, and then inspire them to become men and women fitted to win their way in the face of tremendous obstacles, requires the expenditure of an amount of energy of which ordinary workers in the North have little conception. Four years of service had opened the eyes of Miss Crouch to both the perils and the possibilities of the situation tendered her; but with a devotion born of entire consecration to her chosen calling, she prayerfully accepted the responsibilities.

The drain on her nervous energy was all that she had anticipated; most of our teachers in the South have similar experiences. The poverty of the masses is almost beyond belief, and taxes the benevolence of our workers. When crops fail, suffering becomes more intense. Mrs. E. L. Albright, secretary of the Bureau for the East Central States, mentions the prayer of a girl who came to the school during a season of scarcity. The girl's ill-fed body had shrunk away from her clothing, prompting her to cry: "O Lord, tie my shoes a little tighter!" A mother, whose ambitions had been aroused for her children, said: "I'm going home and I'm going to cut just as many slices of bread, but I'm going to cut 'em thinner." The moral and religious life of our schools is largely due to the noble examples of the teachers. Miss Crouch understood how to lead inquiring souls to the Cross. Many girls have entered her room dejected by a sense of guilt, and have left with happy hearts and beaming faces. At the close of some terms every student in the home rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Only those who have lived, month in and month out, under the same roof with a large number of pupils can fully understand the great truth that what is put into the lives and hearts of the students is a gift, gladly made by the teacher, from her own life and heart.

The increasing care required by a school that, in a decade, had more than trebled its numbers, rising to over 300 pupils in 1900, told on all the workers in the institution. Mrs. A. A. Gordon, the faithful superintendent of the Browning Home, broke down, and went to her reward, leaving her mantle to her able assistant, Miss Mary Sprague, who, with Miss Crouch as principal of the Mather Academy, now carried on the enterprise. For eight months more the two women struggled on with the heavy burdens. But even nerves toughened amid the hills of New Hampshire are unable to stand everything. Social ostracism had shut the gates of sympathy that led to the outer world as completely as if she had been frozen up in some Eskimo village of Greenland by ice that never melts. During the eleven years of her service at Camden Miss Crouch received but one invitation from a white lady to the hospitalities of home life. She felt that she was on the verge of a nervous collapse, and resigned her position as principal in

the summer of 1901. The alumni, in a series of tenderly worded resolutions, expressed their love for their teacher, and tearfully bade her good-by. Miss Sprague, feeling the premonitions of a break-down, resigned the superintendency, and accompanied her sister worker to the latter's home in Swanzey, N. H.

For more than a year and a half, supported by the courage of Miss Sprague, who laid aside all other interests for the purpose of ministering to her friend, Miss Crouch wrestled with death. It was a useless struggle. On the 4th of February she fell asleep in Jesus, leaving her now childless and wifeless father to walk the rest of his pilgrimage alone until the meeting beyond.

The three women who, more than any other save those whose names the Academy and the Home bear, brought the institution from small beginnings to its present prosperity, wrought until failing health compelled them to place the helm in other hands. Two are dead. Mrs. Gordon, at her own request, was buried in the cemetery for colored people at Camden. Miss Crouch rests under the pines of the North.

Does the story of sacrifice sound quite familiar? Then let this sketch be a single leaf in the wreath of gratitude laid upon the graves of the Methodist Episcopal missionaries who have wrought in the home fields of the South. If those who were torn by the teeth of lions in the arena of Rome are recorded among the witnesses for Christ, are they any less martyrs who, shut in by ostracism, stand for the Master and give their bodies to death? When regenerated America looks backward on the agents of her redemption, she will write among her immortals, not only the heroes who perished on the fields of the Wilderness and Gettysburg, but also those other patriots who fell on the home-missionary fields of the South.

Keene, N. H.

Calling Names

OVER in Ireland they have a vigorous vocabulary at command for political purposes. Among the choice items of invective that have lately passed back and forth between opponents are such terms as "sycophants," "paid organizers," "prowlers," "tipplers," "village attorneys more or less sober," "spoiled priests," and "gang of obscurities." One of the disputants was called a "political microbe." These epithets are rather more expressive than elegant. An epithet is like a rubber ball — it is apt to fly back at one when hurled against a social surface. There is an old saying that calling names is not philosophy. Neither is it politics — that is, ideal politics. It is no part of argumentation to raise one's voice. Truth calmly stated is more effective than dogmatic statements yelled in a purple rage.

Shunning Committees

ALMOST every busy man objects to being on a committee; and almost every busy man consents to serve on a committee when urged a little. The following colloquy took place recently in a ministers' meeting. The president (about to make up a committee — and referring to a very busy and useful clergyman who was present): "I appoint Dr. L. — on the committee." Dr. L.: "I must beg to decline!" The president: "Do you decline with a downward inflection?" Dr. L.: "I decline with every sort of inflection!" The president, quietly: "The Doctor is on the committee!" And sure enough he is! Objections sometimes do not object. Make sure that you have the right man in view, and then get him!

THE FAMILY

BEREAVED

JULIA E. ABBOTT.

So many empty places in our home!
I see them always when I sit and rest;
I call and call for days that do not come,
And sit alone, with Sorrow as my guest.

I knew not then, my blind eyes did not see
The blessedness of moments set apart,
When tiny, helpless hands reached out to me,
And I could clasp my darling to my heart.

Now I can finish every task begun;
I need not pause to heed the baby's cry;
The white-robed angels guard my precious one—
My arms are empty as the days go by.

I fancy, angels singing soft and low,
Hush him to sleep in that sweet land of rest;
Or, waking where no want or pain they know,
I see him folded to the Shepherd's breast.

Sad, empty places haunt our dreams at night,
Where we have watched him in his sleep and play;
We sigh for smiles that were our heart's delight;
For feet—not learned to walk—that slipped away.

So many empty places in our home!
Our wee white bud, flown to a fairer land,
To blossom where no blight of sin can come,
Where, some sweet day, we each shall understand.

South Paris, Maine.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

"The March winds blow across the hills,
A gathered throng the forest fills;
No hedgerow bursts to sudden bloom;
No red bud lights the purple gloom;
No incense from the earth distills,
Yet, ere the first glad robin trills,
Ere leaps the trout from silver rills,
We dream of coming flower and plume
While March winds blow."

To measure a man's worth by his success
is a square often false, always uncertain.
— Thomas Fuller.

I came from God, and I am going back
to God, and I won't have any gaps of death
in the middle of my life. — George Macdonald.

I used to think that God had put His best
gifts on a high shelf for us to reach up to
them. I now find that the best are on the
lowest shelves, on the level of the nursery
floor, that the babes may get them. — Rev.
F. B. Meyer.

Thou hast to pass through the fiery furnace;
enter it not unless, like Shadrach,
Meshach and Abednego, thou hast the Son
of God to be thy companion. In every
condition thou wilt need Jesus. Keep close
to thy Best Friend, and He will refresh
and cheer thee. — Spurgeon.

Just as sailors, when they are still far out
at sea, know that they are drawing near
home by reason of the odors of shores as
yet unseen; as Sir Launfal, after long
years of absence, stayed his tired horse be-
neath an old tree many miles from home,

yet heard the tones of the bells in the old
abbey sending sweet welcome on before;
as in that picture called "The Aurora" the
watchman in the night saw the feet of the
dawn standing upon the mountain-tops a
full half-hour before the sun rose in the
sky—so, if clouds are about man's tomb
and silence above his grave, for him also
there are rifts in the clouds, there are mo-
ments when heavy draperies of darkness
part, there are voices that fall softly
through the air, whispering that man's
home is not the tomb on which we strew
flowers and shed tears. — N. D. Hillis,
D. D., in "Foretokens of Immortality."

God's mercies are always more numer-
ous than we see them. We choose to call
one thing or another a benefit and a bless-
ing because it happens to fit our desires, or,
at least, our ideas of what a blessing ought
to be. But we are too insensible, too short-
sighted, to see all the stars of God's good-
ness in our sky. Only here and there do
we perceive a point of light, a larger or a
lesser sun or planet. But had we finer
spiritual vision, we should perceive the in-
numerable points of light in what are now
to us but the dark interstellar spaces. The
highly sensitized plate of the astronomical
photographer reveals a countless multi-
tude of stars where a field-glass, or even a
telescope, fails to discover aught but blank
space. . . . We have not gone so far yet
in our spiritual perceptions—we are not
yet so spiritually sensitized—as to see our
sky a blaze of light. But each new revela-
tion, each new star, or group of stars, as it
appears above our horizon, ought to be an
evidence that the dark is not darkness, but
light unperceived. The sky of life is not
merely studded with mercies. It is itself
mercy. — Patterson Du Bois.

A desert. Far as the eye can see, a waste
of sand. No house, nor tree, nor refuge
from the hot sun in all the extended plain.
Two figures—a boy and his mother: cruel-
ly exiled from their former home by the
father, at the demand of the jealous and
more cruel wife; friendless, homeless,
wanderers. The water in their gourd is
spent; the boy lies by the side of a desert
shrub, in the poor shelter which it fur-
nishes from the burning sun, breathing
out his life through parched lips. The
mother sits weeping at a little distance, as
it were a bow-shot, that she may not see
him die. And close by his side, feeding
the roots of the shrub, the secret of his life,
is a hidden spring, the secret of his life
also if he did but know it.

So, with infinite pathos, men lie dying
close to the source of life and know it not.
The Great Companion is by our side and
we see Him not. He speaks our name and
we hear Him not. Or, if we think of Him
as present, it is but to fear Him—worst
fate of all: to fear the Great Companion,
the dearest and most patient Friend. As
a child, frightened by its own dreams,
repels the mother who would clasp it to her
arms, and imagines her the monster whose
shadowy form has terrified it, so we add to
the terrors of our life by an unreasoning
terror of Him who would give us courage
to overcome at once our fears and our foes.
We are afraid of the voice of God in the
garden, and hide ourselves because we are
naked and ashamed; we know not that
He comes to clothe us. — Outlook.

To look at the crowds of persons profess-
ing religion, one would suppose nothing
was commoner than faith. There is
nothing rarer. Devoutness is common;
righteousness is common; a contempt for
every kind of fraud and underhand prac-
tice is common; a highminded disregard
for this world's gains and glories is

common; an abhorrence of sensuality and
an earnest thirst for perfection are common
— but faith? Will the Son of Man when
He comes find it on earth? May not the
messengers of God yet say, Who hath be-
lieved our report? Why, the great majority
of Christian people have never been near
enough to spiritual things to know whether
they are or are not; they have never
narrowly weighed the uncertain balance;
they say they believe God and a future of
happiness because they really do not
know what they are talking about—they
have not measured the magnitude of these
things. Faith is not a blind and careless
assent to matters of indifference; faith is
not a state of mental suspense with a hope
that things may turn out to be as the Bible
says; faith is the firm persuasion that these
things are so. — George Adam Smith.

We stand on the place Today has given,
To make or to mar our lot;
We may fill it up to the brim with heaven,
Or blur it with stain and blot.
Bravely may toil for the good and true,
Earnestly strive and pray,
But the good or the ill we all may do,
Must be done in the span of Today.

— Margaret E. Sangster.

WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONG

OLIVE E. DANA.

NOT with the increase of those first
few minutes given when the year
is new, doled out so grudgingly with its
first pale suns. Nor the other moments
that come to keep them company, faster
and faster, week by week, counted, all of
them, and rejoiced in. Not even the long
bright hour of daylight that Janus leaves
us with his opened door.

Not these, nor early February's length-
ening afternoons, with their sinking
snows and softening shadows—it is not
yet that the days grow long, palpably
and delightfully long. The date is not
put down in the almanac at all—we
have each of us a special calendar for it.

You will be surer of it, perhaps, in the
country, for here the signs are written
large and plain, and they are of nature's
own marking and making. There are
widening circles around the trees, there is
a dazzling warmth at your southern win-
dows, there is air to breathe on your
porch of a morning that is bread and
wine. The sunsets light their fires earlier,
but they burn with less waste and rapid-
ity at this season. Even before the win-
ter solstice their amber shines far up the
southern sky from late midday, hardly
changing its tint for hours. The morn-
ings have not the vivid color that her-
alded and outran the autumn sunrise, but
they bring clear day the sooner, and with
less waste of cloud-pageantry.

And the noons—do you know that
there is no warmth so tender, either in
the May mornings or the June afternoons,
or in October's mellowest weather, as falls
just now, at the day's equator, when the
days are growing long? Stainless in its
purity, the air becomes a perfect medium
for the brightening sunlight. The heart
should lie wide open for a little, and it
should be very still, that it may receive
what the gracious day has to give of
strength and tranquillity.

It has its austerities, too, this winter
noon-time. I do not know where else in
nature you will find that deep insistence
of truth and solemnity which the mind

would often be released, from, yet which is a part of the soul's strength, however it be given it. Not the wonted and wholesome soberness in which nature's processes are rooted, merely, and not a thing extraneous to her or to ourselves; but something inhering as it were in life itself and speaking solemnly of its sure change and of our own immortality.

You may listen to many sermons and not receive its token, though it is there, also, or should be, to avail the being of its own depth and rectitude. It always waits for us in nature's solitudes, and these are never so far to seek nor so hard to find as we suppose them. But it comes close and deep upon you, with detaining and benignant hold, as you walk along the fleckless snows, and waiting trees, and slowly-moving shadows of the winter noon.

There is an element in attempted achievement that is not quite reality, though it may be the only way by which we can climb to the nobler reality we seek. It is something to be guarded against. The most absorbing and most useful occupations do not always alter it, but Nature in her clearer outlines and profounder moods is one of its best correctives.

But it is in the town that it comes to you, with tenderest promise and surest potency, that the spell of the winter is broken and the springtime is well on its way. The signs are fewer, no doubt, and written less broadly, but they are sweeter, more constant, more certain. The budding trees, the sunset walks, the sky-mirroring pools, the golden sun-wet above roof and dome, the happy mornings, the hopeful, care-free noons, and the dusk of twilights that are almost warm again — these are the city's own. They will not let one be unmindful of their bestowal and suggestion — the dear days that are growing long.

Here it gives human comfort and heartening, of its own kind and insistent — companionship, recollection, hope, the discovery of beauty, the renewal of association, the greening of both time and opportunity before you, ampler leisure, nobler satisfactions, new and exquisite joys. It is the time when memories yield their solace, when friendship finds renewal, and love its privilege and fulfillment. The soul quickens with its hopes, as the earth with the germs that are within it. There is a happy tumult of expectation and ecstasy, set in a peace that is balm and elixir.

The poets have hardly sung adequately of this earlier springtime — which many of us do not call springtime at all — the tender, promiscuous time that is full of delicate foreshadowings and inexpressible suggestions, fine, elusive, unmistakable. Mrs. Whitney hints of it very deftly in her verses, "I like the City in the Spring," long since become familiar. Lucy Larcom has a good word for March, as have other singers. Helen Hunt Jackson has a sonnet for February whose noble seriousness should win for it frequent and thoughtful reading.

But the most of our poets wait — why will they? — for the tangible and obvious springtime, which is well-nigh summer itself. March herself has not been credited with all the gifts she brings us. It is

this month that holds, more than any other, the promise, the potency, the prescience, of spring.

For its dominant language — this later New England wintertime, whose purity, whose strength, whose lofty seriousness a Wordsworth should interpret — is that of hope. Its very pensiveness could hardly be that exquisite sadness that Tennyson sings of, were it not deepened by the certainty of expectation beneath it. It lifts and buttresses our hopes till we walk on confidently in the shelter of them.

It nourishes hope with reality — a thing which is far oftener accomplished for us than many of us believe, and which is in all our experience one of God's tenderest and most real bestowals.

So it is no wonder that we welcome both the earlier and the later springtime, and that we find its message always true and always sweet. It makes the present and the time to be one in reality and in faith; singing, in every memory it stirs, in every joy it gives, in every aspiration it quickens, in all profound and sufficing faith it confirms,

"The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring."

Augusta, Maine.

IN EARLIEST SPRING

Tossing his mane of snow in wildest eddies
and tangles,
Lion-like, March cometh in, hoarse, with
tempestuous breath,
Through all the moaning chimneys, and
thwart all the hollows and angles,
Round the shuddering house, threatening
of winter and death.

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood
and the meadow
Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with
fibres that lift
Bud and blade to the sunward, within the
inscrutable shadow.
Deep in the oak's chill core, under the
gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience,
or dream, or desire
(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a
moment, and goes —
Rapture of life ineffable, perfect — as if in
the brier,
Leafless, there by my door, trembled a
sense of the rose.

— W. D. Howells.

WHEEL OR WEIGHT

"JOB EVANS hez jest been in, complainin' as usual," observed Uncle Eben, leaning over the gate to talk with his neighbor. "He thinks now it might do him good to go down to Floridy in the winter, 'nd he's tryin' to persuade Marthy 'nd Seth to sell part of the medder lot so's he kin get to go. He sez the doctors don't understand his case, 'nd never have. That's because they all tell Job the same thing — to set to work, 'nd stop thinkin' about his diseases. His health is jest every bit ez good ez Marthy's today, yit you'll never hear her complain — no, sir! She hez strength enuff to be a mighty useful woman, 'nd that's all she asks for. 'I'm no better, 'nd no wuss, than I wuz ten years ago,' she sez to me the other day, 'nd ez long ez I kin do my work, I hevn't time to coddle myself.' Now Job, he's so busy coddlin' himself, he hezn't time to work — there's the dif'rence. 'Nd at the end, whenever it comes, Marthy'll hev somethin' good to show fer every year of her life, 'nd Job — he won't hev nothin' to show but his medicine bottles 'nd his allin' old body that's he's got to leave behind anyhow. Takin' care of yourself is all very

well, if you're doin' somethin' important besides; but takin' care of yourself when your existence is perfectly useless ain't what kin be called a profitable job, to my mind.

"I saw a team goin' by here this mornin' that reminded me powerful of Job, and folks like him. It wuz a big affair fer haulin' stone, 'nd one of the hind wheels hed come off. The driver hed no load, 'nd so he put the wheel on the wagon, to balance the best way he could, 'nd he went along at a snail's pace, scrapin' 'nd rackin', but gettin' along somehow on the road to the blacksmith's. The four wheels wuz all there, you see, but one of them wuz a weight instead of a help. The other three hed to carry it, 'nd wuz thrown all out of gear to do it. It mayn't hev been a very good wheel; but if it hed been on the axle, where it hed ought to be, things would hev been changed fer the better.

"We're all meant to be wheels, not weights. Better to go creakin' on the axle all our days than to give up, 'nd add to the world's load. Keep turnin', keep goin' ahead, no matter ef some spokes ain't ez strong as they hed ought to be — that's my philosophy. Ef we give up, the other wheels hez got to carry us, 'nd our place misses us besides. Ef Job Evans, fer instance, hed been a wheel 'nd not a weight all these years, the whole family would hev been saved from strainin' 'nd rackin' 'nd laborin' along ez they've hed to do, in order to carry him ez a dead load. There's Zeph Foster, allers ailin' 'nd trail since he wuz a boy, 'nd yet he's worked his way along, 'nd helped his sister, too, when she wuz left a widder with four children. Them boys wouldn't hev hed an eddication if Zeph hadn't tolled to the limit of his strength, year after year, to help them along. He died before he wuz fifty — yes, but fifty years of bein' useful is worth eighty of bein' a burden. 'Nd the last year of his life, when he couldn't do nothin', how they all did nurse him 'nd look after him 'nd love him! When those that has allers borne their part of the load faithfully hez to be carried fer a while at the end, 'tain't a burden, but a privilege, to do it.

"'Tain't only in the fam'ly that some folks is weights instid of wheels, either. Ef every church member wuz a wheel — my! but the chariot of salvation would go forward, 'nd no mistake. Trouble is, that most of them never make even one turn on the axle. They're jes dead weight, 'nd they're proud of it. They don't b'lieve in 'enthusiasm,' 'nd revivals, 'nd seekin' the lost, 'nd gatherin' in the little children — no, indeed! That kinder jolts 'nd disturbs them. What they want is to be carried right along over a smooth road to the gates of heaven, 'nd to pass the time criticisin' the wheels that do the carryin'. There's Joash Wilkins — he's been in the church ever sence he wuz twenty, 'nd the most or work he's done is to hand the plate. But to hear Joash criticise the minister's sermons, or see him shake his head over Deacon Lawrence's hasty temper, you'd never guess that they were holdin' the church up 'nd takin' it forward, while all he does is to sit in the front pew 'nd complain, 'nd keep folks from j'inin' by bein' such an onpleasant example of discipleship himself.

"Wheel or weight — we've all got to be one or the other. Under the load or on it is the only choice. 'Nd when a man's bent, bound, 'nd determined to be a wheel, he allers helps the world along, no matter how weak he may be in body. Ez fer women — well, there's many a woman that could go to bed as an invalid, if she chose, that does the housework, 'nd brings up the children, 'nd helps in the church, 'nd cheers up her husband when she feels twicet as

bad herself, never stops or gives up to the end. That kind of woman, to tell the truth, is so common that we hardly expect anythin' else from the sex. But if they weren't so common — well, the world would stop goin' ahead, that's all," and Uncle Eben smiled and nodded at the porch across the road, where a pale-faced mother sat rocking her teething baby. — PRISCILLA LEONARD, in *Epworth Herald*.

THE COD FISHER

Where leap the long Atlantic swells,
In foam-streaked stretch of hill and dale,
Where shrill the north-wind demon yells,
And flings the spin-drift down the gale;
Where, beaten 'gainst the bending mast,
The frozen raindrop clings and cleaves,
With steadfast front for calm or blast,
His battered schooner rocks and heaves,

To some the gain, to some the loss,
To each the chance, the risk, the fight;
For men must die that men may live —
Lord, may we steer our course aright!

The dripping deck beneath him reels,
The flooded scuppers spout the brine;
He heeds them not, he only feels
The tugging of a tightened line.
The grim white sea-fog o'er him throws
Its clammy curtain, damp and cold,
He minds it not — his work he knows,
'Tis but to fill an empty hold.

Of driven through the night's blind wrack,
He feels the dread berg's ghastly breath,
Or hears draw nigh through walls of black
A throbbing engine chanting death.
But, with a calm, unwrinkled brow,
He fronts them, grim and undismayed,
For storm and ice and liner's bow,
These are but chances of the trade.

Yet well he knows — where'er it be,
On low Cape Cod or bluff Cape Ann —
With straining eyes that search the sea,
A watching woman waits her man.
He knows it, and his love is deep,
But work is work, and bread is bread,
And though men drown and women weep,
The hungry thousands must be fed.

To some the gain, to some the loss,
To each his chance, the game with Fate;
For men must die that men may live —
Dear Lord, be kind to those who wait!

— *Harper's Weekly*.

DAINTY GIFTS FOR EASTER

JEANNETTE M. DOUGHERTY.

THE interest in art handicraft has created a popularity for gifts possessing a real art value. A studio with the suggestive name, "Kalo" — "to make beautiful" — is a workshop whose articles are in demand for their originality of design and artistic skill. The leather table-mats and library sets seem especially suited to the new and quaint style of library table, with its dark, unpolished surface of Flemish or weathered oak. The large mats are round, oval, square or panel-shaped — in tan, with all-over design in rich, soft brown; in dark green, with green border adorned with ornaments at regular intervals; in cream, with border cut out and delicate tinting in sage green and light tan. The panel style has a border only across the ends.

Handsome library sets are made of light tan leather. The corners of tan are decorated in dull green and red, blending harmoniously with the green blotting pad. With the large blotter is a small mat for the inkwell and a penwiper, both of leather, and decorated with Arabian design to match the large piece. Another style has a straight strip across each end of the blotter pad — the decoration being a Chinese pattern on green leather. A light, cinnamon brown, painted in varying shades of green and red, is a pretty combination.

Stationery portfolios are both useful and ornamental. The green leather of the outside folds over on the inside, forming pocket

ets for paper and envelopes. The case has a conventional border in Oriental colors, and is lined with leather of a delicate hue. An exquisite case of cream colored leather was ornamented with design of grape leaves, tendrils, and clusters of fruit. This portfolio was lined with pure white. One piece folding on the inside for the pocket was stitched in the centre, making two receptacles for note paper, the top being cut out in a half circle. On the other side the strip was left whole, forming one large pocket. Portfolios are made also for engravings. The ooze calf with its soft lustre and the Russian leather in fine finish are very effective in these articles, and they all are perfect in workmanship. Magazine covers are made in pretty colors and designs. Monogram markers for books and magazines are a popular fancy.

The prettiest of small articles are dainty card-cases of tan, lawn, brown or green leather lined with cream. Some have a simple line decoration; others are enriched with an all-over design or conventional border. A golden brown, embroidered in two shades of brown, with a line of black for accent, was particularly rich in effect and color. The embroidered leather is something quite new. White moire silk is used also for card-cases. In these, dyes are used in working out the motif. As these choice bits of work can be dry cleaned, they are really more serviceable than they seem from their delicate appearance.

A great variety of fancy bags are made to be used for opera-glasses, keys, silver coin, or small articles. These bags are oval, oblong or heart-shaped, with a silver cord and ring with which to fasten them to the belt or carry on the wrist. Leather belts in tan, red, green or brown are attractive novelties. They are pretty in style, embellished in color or embroidery, finished with stitching in silk, and mounted with silver buckles. Bodkin-holders are a dainty conceit in small articles of convenience. Small editions of choice poems are given fancy covers, illuminated text, title-page, borders and initial letters.

Illuminations for the wall are in great favor. These are beautifully decorated cards, with some choice verse, quotation, a song of hope from Browning, or a house blessing in quaint lettering. On a tinted background where the sunset glow touches the verdure of earth, one may read:

"The period of life is brief,
'Tis the red of the red rose leaf,
'Tis the gold of the sunset light,
'Tis the flight of a bird on high.
But one may fill the space
With such an infinite grace,
That the red will tinge all time,
And the gold through the ages shine;
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portals of God's own gate."

Chicago, Ill.

An Icy-Weather Friend

I SAW a woman well dressed and interesting-looking walking through Central Park one cold day when the sleet had covered everything. The walking was very precarious, and I was quite surprised that a lady should be out carrying a parcel in a hilly, timbered part of the park.

I was still more surprised a little later when, finding her way with great care, for the ice was like glass under one's feet, she worked her way from the regular path around through the trees. Finally she stopped under a great oak, and began to call; and then in a flash I knew why she was there. She had a big bag full of feed for the squirrels and birds; and, as she opened her bag and began to throw the feed about, a dozen gray squirrels soon gathered,

and it seemed to me that more than a hundred birds flocked around.

In fine weather one will see scores of people in all parts of the park feeding these little pensioners; but, though I took a long walk that day, this lady was the only one whom I saw who had dared the ice to look after the comfort of her little friends in the woods. It was a pretty sight, and made me ask myself a very pertinent question, which I pass on to you: "Are you a fair-weather friend only, or are you a friend to depend on in icy weather?" — REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D., in *Christian Endeavor World*.

Keeping Her Troubles Together

A HARD WORKING woman whose ready help and abundant sympathy for the troubles of others make her the best of friends lately gave her recipe for cheerfulness:

"Why, it's no credit to me to keep cheerful," she said to a doleful visitor one day. "It's only that I've got into the habit of having all my uncomfortable feelings at one time. Mornings, after my husband's started off, I do the breakfast dishes before anybody else is likely to drop in; and if there's anything worrying me I just attend to it then. If I don't get it thought out enough, it has to go over till next day.

"You select a few minutes like that, in the early morning when you're fresh, and do up your worries for the day, and then put 'em out of mind, and you'll find it's the easiest thing in the world to keep cheerful the rest of the time, and be ready to attend to other folks' troubles." — *Youth's Companion*.

Deaconess Doings

— Elizabeth Fry, the sweet Quakeress, interested in prisons and prisoners, was a great inspiration to Theodore Fleidner, founder of Lutheran deaconess work.

— Ravenswood Church, Chicago, recently gave \$80 to the Free Bed Fund of Wesley Hospital. The Free Bed Fund is finding many faithful helpers.

— Fifteen deaconesses and about as many students work in connection with the Toronto Deaconess Home. The work in Canada flourishes.

— A primary Sunday-school class saved their candy money for two weeks and sent \$7.20 to the deaconesses to be spent for the poor.

— The Pueblo (Col.) Deaconess Home is prospering under the wise administration of Miss Anna Burgess. Two new workers are needed at once.

— Five hundred dollars is needed for the fitting up of a Baby Fold at the Deaconess Orphanage at Lake Bluff, Ill. The building has already been moved on the grounds.

— A poor woman invited to the Christmas dinner at the Chicago Deaconess Home, exclaimed: "I have not tasted turkey before in twenty years."

— The students of the Chicago Training School are very active in industrial work in various settlements and missions of the city. Probably 150 have taught classes of sewing or basketry during the past year.

— The Boston Deaconess Hospital grows in popularity.

— Bethany Hospital, Kansas City, does a large amount of work for the poor. Three-fourths of the work last year was entirely free.

— A deaconess has at last gone to St. John's, Newfoundland. This needy island has long been calling for help.

— Phoebe, a "diakonos" of the church, is the first deaconess mentioned by name. (See margin of Revised Version, Rom. 16:1.)

— A woman sent a dollar to the Chicago Deaconess Home to be spent for the poor on Thanksgiving Day. At Christmas she duplicated the gift, saying: "The Thanksgiving dollar brought me such a blessing that I want to try it again."

— About \$47,000 has been raised in the last

three years for the Boys' School at Quincy, Ill., including \$21,000 on the old debt. The institution has now two buildings and five acres of land — in all about \$100,000 worth of property — besides considerable endowment. There is no greater need in all deaconess work than for this institution.

— One of the students at the Aurora Young Woman's School comes from so far north that she has been introduced as "Miss L. from the North Pole." She came five weeks in sledge and boat before she could reach the railroad. She knows two Indian languages and will go back to work among the Indians.

— A class in practical nursing, with an attendance of about thirty, has been organized by Miss C. A. Alkin, who is superintendent of the nursing department at the Epworth Evangelistic Institute, St. Louis.

— Wesley Hospital has not been helped by any great gifts of money recently, but it is attracting help worth more than gold, in that strong, skilled deaconesses are throwing themselves into the work. Miss Grace Ellsworth, the newly appointed superintending nurse, is a striking illustration. A woman of rare natural gifts, she has had the best training and large experience in preparation for her responsible position. She has the highest ideals for the work of nurse and deaconess. Best of all, she is one of the many splendid women coming into the ranks. In such women is the real strength of the deaconess movement.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GREEN MARBLE

MARY ELLEN loved marbles. She had a little yellow bag with a drawstring run into the hem, and she had more marbles in it than she could count; still she wanted more, and when her mother called her in to do an errand for her that one day she begged for a nickel to buy marbles with in payment.

"Run right along fast, then," said Mrs. Pierson, "for Nora is in a hurry for the raisins." Mary Ellen had on her pretty pink dress with the ruffles over the shoulders, and a hat with long sash ends which streamed out behind her when she ran, so she felt very good and obedient, and skipped away so briskly that the wind carried her hat ribbons out like banners.

She gave her orders at the grocer's, then went into the drug store where a large jar stood on the shelf, filled with marbles. Her nickel would buy but five of the handsome glass ones which she liked, but as the druggist turned them out she found six that she was sure she must have, they were all so lovely.

"Which will you have?" asked the druggist. He was getting tired of waiting for Mary Ellen to choose between the green marble and the pink mottled one which she held in her greedy little hand, and another customer was coming.

"Please, sir, I want them all," said Mary Ellen.

The druggist laughed, for he had a little girl at home of his own. "Pick out the five you like the best, sissey, and drop the other into the jar," he said as he tossed her nickel into the drawer, and went to wait on the other customer. She was all alone, and the two marbles looked more and more beautiful as she tried to choose between them. Four had already been slipped into her pocket, and but one more was honestly hers.

Poor Mary Ellen! she had never taken anything which did not belong to her in

all her life before, but — oh, they were so pretty — and there was no one there to see — and she turned and fled from the store with a very red face and with six marbles in her pocket. It was a very unhappy little girl who went slowly into the pleasant sitting-room where her mother was hemming the strings for her new white apron.

"Did you buy your marbles, Mary Ellen?"

"Yes, ma'am." All the marbles but one came out of her pocket.

"They are real pretty; but what ails you, child? Does your head ache?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did you leave the order?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mary Ellen went out to the barn and took the green marble from her pocket. It did not look nearly so green and pretty as it had in the store, and the little girl most heartily wished it was back there again, safe in the jar. A little girl friend came to visit her a few days later, and she gave it to her, hoping to lighten her mind of its trouble.

"Why," said the little friend in surprise. "It's the very prettiest one you have. I shouldn't think you would give it away."

"I don't care much for it," replied Mary Ellen with a thankful heart as she saw it going into her friend's apron pocket. A week after the little friend came back with the marble.

"I guess I don't want it," she said. "It is always rolling away and getting lost. I think it is homesick for you."

Mary Ellen tried to laugh at the funny idea, but with a very sick heart; she was again the unwilling owner of a green glass marble.

She tried to lose it, but some one would always come running with, "Here's your green marble, Mary Ellen," until she hated the very thought of it.

Mr. Sanborn, the druggist, was a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, and often came to the house for a friendly call, and Mary Ellen had always liked him and enjoyed his visits. She saw him at the gate one day and almost shrieked aloud, in her fear that he had come to complain to her mother of the wicked little girl who had come to his store and stolen a marble, and she slunk away as fast as she could and hid in the barn.

"Why, Mary Ellen, I was real ashamed of you," said her mother after the caller had gone, and the guilty little girl had come in.

"Mr. Sanborn likes to hear you say your verses, and I wanted you to sing that nice little song for him which you learned."

Mary Ellen hung her head and made no reply. She could never sing for Mr. Sanborn again, she knew, with that naughty heart of hers throbbing so fast and hard, and after that she would go a block out of her way rather than meet him or pass his store.

Mrs. Pierson awoke one night in alarm. Mary Ellen was moaning and crying in her cot, her face flushed, her hands hot with fever. "Don't take me to jail, please don't, Mr. Sanborn. I stole your marble, but here it is. The green one" — and then her heavy eyes opened to look up into her mother's anxious face.

"You will take it back to Mr. Sanborn, and tell him how sorry I am," she sobbed, after the story of her naughty act was told, and all of the sorrow and shame it had cost her.

Mary Ellen was a very sick little girl for many days, and even after kind Mr. Sanborn had sent her a bag of cool, sweet oranges as a token of his entire forgiveness the green marble haunted her dreams. She never cared to play with her marbles after she was well again, and never, never, never did she take anything which did not belong to her. — MRS. F. M. HOWARD, in *Christian Work*.

OUR DAISY CHAIN



Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Owen

This is little Elsie Mae Owen, two and one-half years old. She is a member of the Cradle Roll of the Brayton Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school of Fall River, Massachusetts. Elsie would rather go to Sunday-school than anywhere else, and is always in her little chair every far Sunday. She has learned to sing, "Building for God," and "I am a Sunbeam." Every night before mamma puts her in her little crib she says the "Now I lay me" prayer, and then goes to sleep with her big doll held tight in her arms. Elsie is very fond of looking at picture-books, and knows all the letters of the alphabet. How pleased and surprised she will be when she looks in ZION'S HERALD and finds her own picture on this page!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

First Quarterly Review

SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1903.

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.* — Matt. 28:20.

2. **THE LESSONS OF THE QUARTER** were taken from Acts 16 to Acts 20, including parts of St. Paul's second and third missionary journeys (from Philippi to Ephesus); and also five lessons selected from his epistles to the churches which he founded, namely, one to the Philippians, one to the Thessalonians, two to the Corinthians, and one to the Ephesians. The period of time covered by the narrative in the Acts was about six years (A. D. 51-57).

3. **HOME READINGS:** *Monday* — Acts 16:23-40. *Tuesday* — Acts 17:1-12. *Wednesday* — Acts 17:22-34. *Thursday* — Acts 18:1-11. *Friday* — Acts 18:19-28. *Saturday* — Acts 19:13-20. *Sunday* — Acts 19:29-41.

II Lesson Analysis

1. **PAUL AND SILAS AT PHILIPPI** (Acts 16:22-34).

The exorcism of a female slave — a fortune-teller — who had followed the disciples and proclaimed with annoying incessancy that they were the servants of the Most High God who taught the way of salvation, brought Paul and his companions into collision with the authorities at Philippi. The masters of the slave, who lost their gains by this exorcism, hustled the disciples before the magistrates on the charge that they were Jews and peace-disturbers, and taught customs unlawful for Romans to observe. Thereupon they were cruelly scourged and turned over to the city jailer, who confined them in the inner prison, with their feet in the stocks. Unable to rest or sleep, they sang hymns, to the astonishment of their fellow-prisoners. Suddenly an earthquake loosed every bond and opened every door. The jailer, awaking and supposing that all had escaped, was on the point of falling on his sword when Paul's assuring voice stayed him. Convicted, trembling, he called for lights, released Paul and Silas and conducted them to his own quarters. There he washed their wounds and asked what he should do to be saved. They pointed him to Jesus. He and his household were baptized that very night.

2. **CHRISTIAN LIVING** (Phil. 4:1-13).

Paul was giving the Philippians a series of precepts — to "rejoice in the Lord alway;" to cultivate as a mark of distinction the forbearance of love, remembering that "the Lord is at hand;" to keep free from anxiety, expressing all their wants to God "in prayer with thanksgiving, whose peace, incomparable and incomprehensible, would play sentry over their hearts and thoughts; to occupy their thoughts with whatsoever things are true, honorable, pure, lovely, and of good report; and to practice what they had seen and learned of him, their teacher. The God of peace would then be with them. Paul "rejoiced in the Lord" at the revival of their concern for him, as shown by the contribution brought by Epaphroditus. He had no complaints to make. He had learned to be content in whatsoever state he found himself. He had mastered the secret of being either full or hungry. He could do or suffer all things in the strength of the indwelling Christ.

3. **PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BEREA** (Acts 17:1-12).

On leaving Philippi Paul and Silas, with Timothy, went to Thessalonica. Here they found a lodging in the house of Jason.

Paul worked at his trade for sustenance, and contributions were sent him from Philippi. For three Sabbaths Paul preached in the synagogue, proving from the prophecies that the Messiah must needs suffer and rise from the dead, and that this was the Messiah whom he was commissioned to preach. Many converts, including prominent women, were gathered. Then came the reaction. The Jews hired some "roughs" and attacked the house of Jason. Not finding Paul, they dragged Jason and some of the brethren before the magistrates, accusing these of having turned the world upside down elsewhere and of coming here for the same purpose; also of sedition, because they proclaimed another king, one Jesus. The magistrates took security of Jason and his companions and dismissed them. Paul and Silas departed by night to Berea, where they were welcomed and their doctrine was tested by the Scriptures. Many were converted.

4. **PAUL'S COUNSEL TO THE THESSALONIANS** (1 Thess. 5:14-28).

The lesson contained a series of condensed and practical precepts: The disorderly were to be admonished, the faint-hearted encouraged, the weak supported, and long-suffering shown to all. Evil treatment must never be revenged; only what is good must be followed. Joy, prayer and thanksgiving must be constant, if we would act up to God's will. The Spirit, in whatever of His manifestations, must not be quenched; preaching must not be underestimated; all things must be tested and only the good retained; evil of every form must be avoided. The apostle prays for a sanctification that should be entire and maintained in every department of the being — "body, soul, spirit." This prayer was not for an impossibility, for He is faithful "that calleth you." The lesson ends with a request for the brethren's prayers, with the injunction that the brethren salute one another with a holy kiss, that the Epistle be read to all, and the benediction.

5. **PAUL AT ATHENS** (Acts 17:22-34).

On the Areopagus the apostle, at the request of certain Grecian philosophers, tactfully but fearlessly uttered his message. He told them that he had remarked an over-zeal for religion in their city — temples everywhere; and lest there should be a god overlooked and therefore unplaced, he had even found an altar inscribed: "To the Unknown God." This object of their ignorant worship he would "declare" to them. Being the Creator of all things and Lord of heaven and earth, no sanctuary of man could contain Him; nor was He dependent upon human service, seeing that He was the Author of all life, and had made of one blood all races, and pervaded all things, so that we live in Him, and, to quote a Greek poet, were His offspring. If we are His offspring, we ought not to think that He could be imaged in gold, or silver, or stone. In the past God had overlooked this ignorance of His nature and of human obligation, but now He summons all men to repent, because He will on an appointed day judge the world "by the Man whom He hath ordained," in proof of which He had raised Him from the dead. This allusion to the resurrection interrupted the sermon. Some mocked; others promised to hear Paul again; a very few believed.

6. **THE CHURCH AT CORINTH** (Acts 18:1-11).

Paul's arrival at Corinth; his meeting with Aquila and Priscilla, lately exiled from Rome, the former a fellow-craftsman in tent-making, with whom he took up his abode; his persuasive "reasoning" with Jews and Greeks in the synagogue; his final testimony that Jesus was the Christ;

the usual hostility and blasphemy; Paul's warning that he would carry the rejected truth to the Gentiles; the meetings started in the house of Justus; the conversion of Crispus and other Athenians; the encouraging vision by night; and the continuance of his teaching for eighteen months — constitute an outline of the lesson.

7. **CHRISTIAN SELF-CONTROL** (1 Cor. 8:4-13).

The question had been submitted to the apostle concerning eating meat that had been ceremoniously offered to idols. He conceded that all had "knowledge" that such eating could not pollute, but that the question must not be settled by "knowledge," but by "love." Those who knew that idols were mere nothings, that there is but one God, the Father, and one Lord, Jesus Christ, would not hurt their consciences if they ate the meats in question; but they must guard lest their liberty imperil a weaker brother and lead him astray — lead him to eat against the protests of his conscience, and thus pave the way to the ruin of one for whom Christ died. To injure a brother's conscience is both to sin against him and also against Christ. Paul declared that rather than do this he would eat no meat while the world lasted.

8. **CHRISTIAN LOVE** (1 Cor. 13).

This queenly grace was shown to be superior to all other gifts and graces. No gifts, however shining, have any lustre apart from Love. "Tongues of men and of angels," "prophecy," "knowledge" of all mysteries, "faith" able to thrust mountains of difficulty from its path, all sink into insignificance unless touched and pervaded by Love. Self-beggary to feed the poor, the surrender of life itself at the stake, have no profit unless Love inspire it. Love "suffereth long," is kind, is free from envy, ostentation and conceit; is courteous, never selfish, or quick-tempered, or suspicious; "rejoiceth not in iniquity," but rejoices over what is good; bears, believes, hopes, endures. Love "never faileth," whereas gifts are transient. Prophecies, tongues, knowledge, all will have their day. Only Faith, Hope, and Love will survive, and of these Love is supreme.

9. **PAUL AND APOLLOS** (Acts 18:24-19:6).

The principal points were: Paul's de-

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Come to most people and cause many troubles,—pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, fits of biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner one gets rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system that has suffered from them is to take

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All Kinds of Humor	Psoriasis
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Catarrh	Dyspepsia, Etc

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parture from Antioch and visits to the churches in Galatia and Phrygia; the arrival of Apollos at Ephesus, an Alexandrian, a convert (but knowing only John's baptism), eloquent, convincing; his teaching in the synagogue; the fuller information which he received from Aquila and Priscilla; his departure to Corinth; Paul's arrival in Ephesus; he finds a dozen disciples who had never even heard of the Holy Ghost, knowing only John's baptism; receiving baptism in Jesus' name, the usual effusion and gifts of the Spirit follow the position of Paul's hands.

10. PAUL AT EPHESUS (Acts 19: 13-20).

For three months Paul preached in the synagogue; then, yielding to opposition, he transferred the scene of his labors to the school of Tyrannus. While teaching here, not only the city, but all "Asia," was permitted to hear the Word of the Lord. Many miracles were wrought by him; so that the Jewish exorcists counterfeited his form of adjuration, with the result that in one instance, in which two sons of the priest Sceva tried to expel an evil spirit by adjuring him "by Jesus whom Paul preacheth," the demon acknowledged that he knew Jesus and Paul, but failed to recognize the would-be exorcists. In a mad rage he attacked them, and tore their clothes from their bodies, so that they barely escaped with their lives. The notoriety of this surprising incident not only resulted in the magnifying of the name of Jesus, but also so alarmed the consciences of many believers who secretly resorted to magic, that they openly confessed and renounced their practices; while others who owned the parchments containing the secrets of the "curious arts" (very costly books), publicly burned them, to show the sincerity of their repentance.

11. THE RIOT AT EPHESUS (Acts 19: 29-40).

Paul's preaching had made itself felt in Ephesus. There had been a falling off in attendance on the Diana-worship, and the silver images of the idol were in less demand. The craftsmen who made the images held a meeting. Demetrius, one of their number, made an inflammatory speech, accusing Paul and predicting the deposition from her magnificence of the goddess "whom all Asia and the world worshipeth." A tumult was excited. The house where Paul dwelt was assaulted. As he could not be found, two of his companions were seized. A rush was made for the theatre, which was soon filled with an excited throng. Paul wanted to enter the theatre, but was dissuaded. The Jews put forward Alexander to make a speech to the mob, but when they saw he was a Jew they refused to hear him, and raised the shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" which

they kept up for two hours, and then were hushed and dismissed by the town clerk.

12. PAUL'S MESSAGE TO THE EPHESIANS (Eph. 2: 1-10).

Paul reminds the Ephesians that they had been "dead in trespasses and sins" and under the yoke of "the prince of the power of the air," and therefore exposed to wrath. But God, in the abundance of His mercy and love, had "quickened" them in the act of raising up the Christ, and uplifted them with Him to the "heavenly places," for the purpose that in coming ages might be exhibited the "exceeding riches of His grace." He insists that all this was an act of pure grace on God's part toward those who believe. Works could not win what only God could give. Indeed, believers themselves are His workmanship, created anew expressly to do good works.

III Questions

1. From what books were the lessons of the quarter taken, and what period of time was covered?
2. What brought Paul and Silas into collision with the authorities at Philippi?
3. What punishment was inflicted?
4. How did they bear it?
5. From what fate was the jailer saved, and why?
6. What question did he ask, and what answer did he receive?
7. What duties were inculcated in Lesson II?
8. What was Paul's prevailing state of mind?
9. How did he "do all things"?
10. What success did Paul have in Thessalonica?
11. What course did his enemies take? What charges did they make?
12. How were the missionaries received in Berea?
13. Recall some of the precepts to the Thessalonian converts.
14. For what did the apostle pray?
15. Where did Paul speak in Athens, to whom, and from what text?
16. What facts did he state about the God whom he declared?
17. What did that Being now command, and why?
18. How was Christ's resurrection used to prove the certainty of a future judgment?
19. With whom did Paul abide in Corinth, and why?
20. What doctrine caused trouble in the synagogue, and what resulted?
21. How long did Paul stay, and what fruit did he have?
22. What question had been referred to Paul by the church at Corinth?
23. What was said about "knowledge" and "love"?
24. What warning and advice did the apostle give?
25. What is the difference between a "gift" and a "grace"?
26. What grace stands highest, and why?
27. Mention its principal characteristics.
28. Explain why it is indispensable.
29. Tell about Apollos, and the instructors he found at Ephesus.
30. Where did he go?
31. What imperfectly-taught disciple did Paul find on reaching Ephesus, and what followed?
32. What fate befell the sons of Sceva, and why?
33. What was the effect upon the secret

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It



An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. Gertrude Warner Scott, of Vinton, Iowa:

Vinton, Iowa, July 15, 1902.

In the summer of 1903 I was taken violently ill. My trouble began with pain in my stomach, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutting me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the county, and consulted another. None of them suspected that the cause of my trouble was kidney disease. They all told me that I had cancer of the stomach and would die. I grew so weak that I could not walk any more than a child a month old, and I only weighed sixty pounds. One day my brother saw in a paper an advertisement of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. He bought me a bottle at our drug store and I took it. My family could see a change in me for the better, so they obtained more and I continued the use of Swamp-Root regularly. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable to build me up again. I am now well, thanks to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, weigh 145 pounds, and am keeping house for my husband and brother on a farm. Swamp-Root cured me after the doctors had failed to do me a particle of good.

Gratefully yours,

Gertrude Warner Scott

The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Recommended and taken by physicians, used in hospitals, and endorsed by people of prominence everywhere. To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you, a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to mention reading this generous offer in Boston ZION'S HERALD.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

disciples and teachers of "curious arts"?

34. Who started the tumult in Ephesus, and why?
35. Describe the scene in the theatre.
36. Why did not Paul expose himself?
37. What intimate association with Christ in His resurrection and exaltation did Paul teach the Ephesians?
38. What was taught about faith and works?

To Friends of Temperance

Why not get your seeds, etc., of a Temperance Seedsman (a G. T. and S. of T.), especially when you can get better measure, better premiums,



better discounts, bigger packets, and more "extras" than of any other Seedsman in existence? He issues 200,000 Seed Catalogues FULL OF BARGAINS, and will send you one, also two of his best and most valuable Novelties (worth 25 cents), ALL for ONE DIME, or 12 cents in stamps. Any one would be sorry, indeed, to miss them. He speaks a word for temperance in his Catalogue, and will not even sell tobacco seed. Write today, and do not forget to name this paper. Address

A. T. COOK, Hyde Park, N. Y.

OUR BOOK TABLE

The Master of Warlock. By George Cary Eggleston. Lothrop Publishing Company: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

This is the third in a series of books by this author, giving an account of the early days of the Civil War in the South. Although written from a Southern standpoint, it is free from sectional prejudice, and with its fairness of judgment will do much towards healing wounds still left by the war. The "Master of Warlock," Baillie Pegram, falls in love in his passionate Southern fashion with Agatha Ronald, a young girl between whose family and his a bitter feud exists. When war breaks out Baillie enlists, and Agatha goes through many hardships and adventures to serve him, finally nursing him back to health from what seems a death-bed. In the end they are happily united, although Agatha loses her home and property by the war. Sam, a young slave devoted to his master, Baillie, is one of the most amusing and yet touching features of the book, which is full of Southern chivalry, pure sentiment, and interesting and exciting adventures.

Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. The Century Co.: New York. Price, \$1.

"Mrs. Wiggs" can claim the happy fortune of having made more friends last year than any other woman — that is, if the sale of the book is any criterion. The author — who was Alice Caldwell Hegan when she wrote "Mrs. Wiggs," and is now Alice Hegan Rice — has just issued a new Cabbage Patch story, for which we predict a success similar to that of her first venture. "Lovey Mary," whose starved life is devoted to Tommy, an outcast baby, is a pathetic wail living in the "Home." The mother of the boy, a former inmate of the "Home," comes to take the boy away, but Lovey Mary runs off with him, and after long wandering finds herself with Mrs. Wiggs at the Cabbage Patch and goes to board with our old friend, Miss Hazy. Mrs. Wiggs, with her simple faith in human nature, her unflinching optimism, her unselfish cheerfulness, who "puts all her worries down in the bottom of her heart, then sets on the lid an' smiles," helps Lovey Mary to straighten out the tangles of her life. The pretty, weak mother of Tommy is brought to Miss Hazy's, and before her death comes to a realization of the deep meaning of motherhood. The little book is very daintily gotten up, and has eighteen full-page drawings by Florence Scovel Shinn. The dedication of the story, "To Cale Young Rice, who taught me the secret of plucking roses from a Cabbage Patch," is significant.

An Uncrowned Queen. The Story of Frances E. Willard. By Bernice Babcock. Fleming H. Revell Co.: Chicago, New York and Toronto. Price, 75 cents.

Mrs. Babcock has produced a book of fascinating interest, based on the character and career of Frances E. Willard. It is in story form, and is, therefore, especially inviting to children and young people. Miss Willard is charmingly described as a child playing with other children on her father's farm, "Forest Home," as a school-girl, as a teacher, as a traveler, and as a reformer. Her peculiar mental, spiritual and temperamental traits are discriminatingly set forth in each chapter. The book is an excellent one to place in the hands of young girls.

Rhymes from a Reclining Chair. By James T. Edwards, D. D., LL. D. A Christmas Souvenir. Published by the author: Randolph, N. Y.

A collection of verses and nature pictures appears in this very neat little souvenir. The cover of solid white is embellished with a pleasing title-design in green and red. A very fine quality of paper is used. There are fifteen short poems dealing with miscellaneous subjects, among them being:

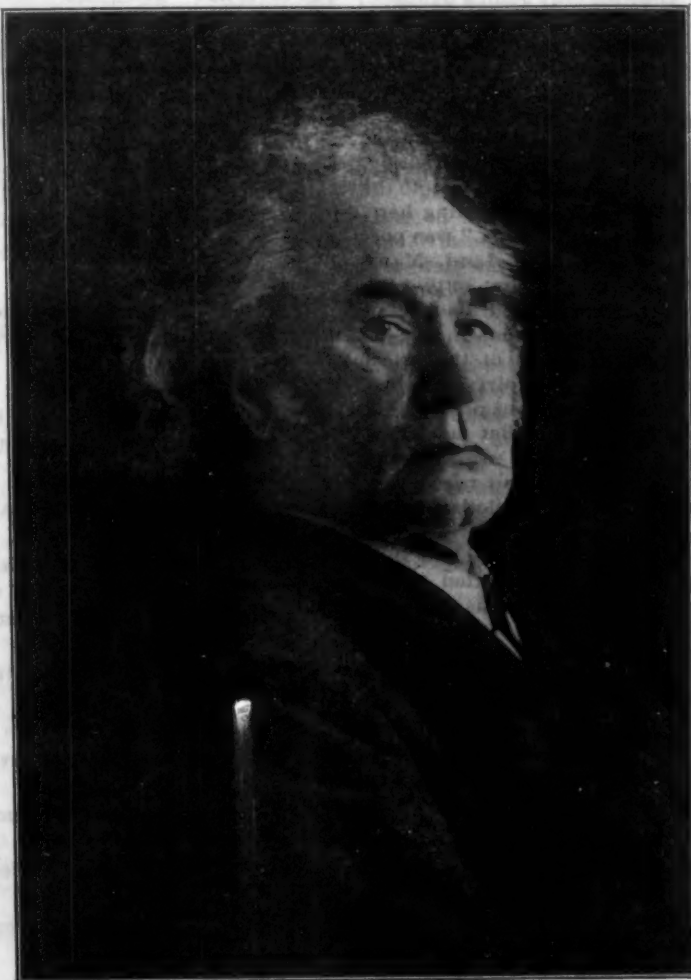
"To a Humming Bird," "The Young Color Bearer," "Law of Compensation," "On the Conewango," and "Mirage on New Jersey Coast."

Life of Joseph Parker. By William Adamson, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York, Chicago, and London. Price, \$1.75.

It was fortunate for Joseph Parker and his world of admirers that a life-long

The Captain. By Churchill Williams. Lothrop Publishing Company: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

After that strong political story of "J. Devlin — Boss," by this same author, one is disappointed in "The Captain." As most of the characters reside south of Mason and Dixon's line, and as the earlier scenes of the book are laid in the opening days of the Civil War, one gets tired of the



From "The Life of Joseph Parker."
Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

friend should have begun the writing of his biography long before his death. The author thus gives us the fruit of many years of preparation, in a careful and authoritative work. Long and intimate personal intercourse and friendship has qualified Dr. Adamson in a peculiar degree to put in the forefront the forces in Dr. Parker's unique character, wherein lay the secret of his influence, power and success. Right well has he performed his task. Of the book the author says: "Dr. Parker is so many-sided, and so difficult to be perfectly focused, that the delineation given of him in this volume has no pretension to be a perfect portrait. A full-orbed view of him is probably impossible. What is written has been done without the slightest direct aid from himself. Some documents quoted came incidentally into my possession at sundry times, and, being interesting, were saved from the oblivion which is the fate of what is consigned to the wastebasket. About two-thirds of the volume is written from personal observation." Out of this rich abundance of material the author has been able to give more than a collection of facts. He has lifted the veil, and shows us as much of Joseph Parker as it is possible for any man to see and describe. Interwoven with the narrative are the elements of romance and humor, together with anecdote and illustration which give a biography a vivid human interest. The book contains 382 pages of reading matter, embellished with fifteen fine illustrations.

vacillation in deciding and the arguments over which side to join in the approaching struggle. The latter part of the book, with

WAS REFUSED LIFE INSURANCE

Rejected on Account of "Coffee Heart"

Life insurance companies have fully established the fact that the use of coffee causes an organic derangement of the heart, shortening the long beat and imperiling life. For this reason habitual coffee drinkers are refused life insurance in many cases. A well known merchant of White's Creek, Tenn., proprietor of a large store there, says: "Three years ago I was examined for life insurance, and to my surprise was rejected because my heart action was at times out of place, fifteen beats in sixty."

"I consulted several good doctors, and was invariably asked by them, Do you drink ardent spirits, use tobacco, or drink coffee? To the first I answered, Very little; to the second, No; to the last, Yes; and they would all say, Quit coffee."

"I determined to do this. I had read about Postum Cereal Coffee, and bought and used it, and I liked it as well as the best of real coffee, and as a result of its use in place of coffee I find myself without a skip in my heart action, and I can get insurance on my life cheaper by 25 per cent. (notwithstanding the advance in age) than I could when I first commenced using Postum." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

its descriptions of battles and the siege of Vicksburg, is far more entertaining. In "The Captain," around whom the plot centres, one recognizes General Grant, and a most unique and interesting portrait is given of him. The reader is more than ever impressed with his strength of will and tenacity of purpose. Of course, in a war story there are political struggles and debates, thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, with two pretty little love stories to bind the plot together. The book is good and instructive reading for all.

The Lordship of Jesus. By Milford H. Lyon, Evangelist, Fleming H. Revell Co.; Chicago, New York, and London. Price, 50 cents.

The author emphasizes the pregnant truth that we should acknowledge Jesus not only as our Saviour from the guilt of sin, but also as Lord of the entire activity of life. In harmony with this view he discusses the authority of Jesus as Lord in the home, in education, society, politics, business, and the church. There is a very strong trend in religious thought toward a supreme exaltation of the living Christ as the arbiter in all human affairs, and these ideals and convictions which are not limited to any one nation or sect find appropriate expression in this timely little volume. It is a book for the times, and should have an extensive reading.

Magazines

—"The Writing of History," by A. T. Mahan, delivered by him as the president's inaugural address before the American Historical Association at Philadelphia, Dec. 26, 1902, is the first article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March. It is followed by "Real and Sham Natural History," by John Burroughs. Among the other special articles are: "Academic Freedom in Theory and in Practice" (II), Arthur Twining Hadley; "A Letter from Germany," by William C. Dreber; "A World-Legislature," Raymond L. Bridgman; "The Question of Franchises," George C. Sikes; "False Gypsies," Charles Sears Baldwin; and "Saint Teresa," Annie Fields. There are additional chapters of "His Daughter First," a novel by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, short stories by George S. Wasson, Florence Wilkinson, and Esther B. Tiffany, and verse by Frederick Lawrence Knowles and Josephine Preston Peabody. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.)

—*Frank Leslie's* for March contains stories by Kenneth Brown, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Maarten Maartens, and Harriet Whitney, and the opening chapters of a novel, "Denis Dent," by Ernest W. Hornung. The special articles include: "The Floor of the Pacific," by Hon. W. E. Mehan; "Keeper of the Water Gate," C. G. D. Roberts; "John Drew," F. S. Hopplin, Jr.; "The Tobacco War," Earl Mayo; "In the Dismal Swamp," Frederick Street. (Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly; New York.)

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The Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia.



—"Sunday-school in a Russian Village," is the frontispiece in the *Chautauquan* for March. Timely and well-illustrated discussions appear in "Highways and Byways," and additional instalments are given in each department. The special topics treated are: "The Danger Line in Western Asia," by Frederic Austin Ogg; "A Visit to Tolstoy's Home," Edward J. Steiner; "Words, Sentences and Paragraphs," Benjamin A. Heydrick; "Children and the Out-Door World," Alice G. McCloskey; "A Democratic Art Movement," Ella Bond Johnston; "A Neglected Social Force," Calvin Dill Wilson; "The Production of Industrial Art in America" (I), illustrated. (Chautauqua Press: Springfield, O.)

—Beginning with the March number *Current History* becomes a department of *Current Literature*, and will hereafter appear as a department of that excellent and comprehensive monthly review of literature, religious thought, science, sports, travel and current events. In its new form *Current Literature* will appeal still more strongly to all serious persons and to the busy man, while it will lose none of its old-time charm for the general reader in the splendid miscellany which fills its ample pages. In addition to the rich and varied department matter the special articles this month include: "The Recent Durbar at Delhi," "A World on Fire," by Alexander W. Roberts; "A Statistical Study of Eminent Men," Prof. J. McKenn Cattell; "Ancient Animals of North America," Frederic A. Lucas; "Furniture of the Olden Time," Frances Clary Morse; "The Indian Trapper," A. C. Laut; "Social Unrest," John Graham Brooks; "Old Age Homes in Denmark," Edith Sellers. (Current Literature Publishing Co.: New York.)

—A most interesting and timely table of contents is presented by the *North American Review* for March. Hamlin Garland discusses "Sanity in Fiction," in which he shows the superiority of the Howells school of fiction over the old-time romance and the latter-day story consisting principally of abnormalities. W. D. McCrackan tells of "Mrs. Eddy's Relation to Christian Science;" Rear-Admiral G. W. Melville, U. S. N., writes about "Our Actual Naval Strength;" Rev. John T. Driscoll, "Philosophy and Science at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century;" Josiah Flynt on "Police Methods in London;" and Joseph Smith on "Polygamy in the United States: Its Political Significance." (North American Review: New York.)

—The leading articles in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for February are: "A Study in the Science of Welfare," Frederick Kellogg Blue; "Branch Banking in the United States," O. M. W. Sprague; "Occupations in their Relation to the Tariff," Edward Atkinson; "The Later History of the Standard Oil Company," Gilbert Holland Montague. (Published for Harvard University.)

—There are three general articles in the *Homiletic Review* for March which are notable for their timeliness. They are: "The Mormon Hierarchy—Its Aims and Methods," by S. E. Wishard, D. D., of Salt Lake City; "Are Revivals Out of Date?" by David James Burrell,

D. D., New York city; and "The Code of Hammurabi," by Prof. George H. Schodde, Ph. D., Columbus, Ohio. The "Antiquity of Man," by J. K. Richardson, D. D., of Des Moines, Ia., is quite interesting. "The Starting of an Institutional Country Church," by Rev. Judson Kempton, contains many valuable suggestions. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London.)

—The special articles in *Lippincott's* for March are: "Rural and Village Improvement Societies," by Eben Rexford, and "Intellectual Communism," by Sara Yorke Stevenson. Mary Moss is the author of the complete novel, "Julian Meldobia." Nine short stories are contributed by Henry Wysham Lanier, Cy Warman, Ella Middleton Tybout, Jerome Case Bull, Clinton Dangerfield, Phoebe Lyde, Clara Elizabeth Ward, Edward Childs Carpenter, A. H. Shirres, and a variety of verse by Charles Francis Saunders, Florence Earle Coates, Charles McIlvane, Hilton R. Greer, Edgar Fawcett, Agnes Lee, Alonzo Rice, Alden Charles Noble, Marie Van Vorst, William Lucius Graves, Albert Bigelow Paine. (J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia.)

—The leading articles in the *Missionary Review* for March are: "A Family of Thirteen Hundred Children," by Farrand Baker Pierson; "Rescue Work in London Slums," Thomas Paul; "Some Interesting Institutions in India," C. B. Ward; "Peculiarities of the Natives of Central Africa," DeWitt C. Snyder; "The Young Men of Non-Christian Lands," F. W. Anderson; "Genesis of the Australian Revival," W. Warren. "The Challenge of God to the Church," by the editor-in-chief, should be read and carefully considered by all who are desirous of promoting the world-wide advancement of Christianity. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London.)

—The March *Country Life in America* is a special double number devoted to "Gardening," with a cover design in colors—a rosebush in full bloom. A glance at the table of contents will show how timely the topics are: "The Home Garden," "A Japanese Garden in an American Yard," "How to Make a Formal Garden," "School Gardens," "Gardening for the Unemployed," "The Home Vegetable Garden," "Spring Work," "Why and How I Made my Country Home," "The Improvement of the Back Yard"—all exquisitely and profusely illustrated. (Doubleday, Page & Co.: 14 Union Square, East, New York.)

—There is such an array of good things in the March *St. Nicholas*, aside from the departments, that most boys and girls will settle all questions of picking and choosing by sitting down and reading the number right through from cover to cover. "Mother's Wolf Story" tells of an exciting adventure a ever little lass had. "Marjorie's School of Fiction" is readable and helpful. "The Unlucky Parrot" furnishes an entertaining fairy tale. This month's chapters of "The Story of King Arthur and his Knights" tell of King Arthur's finding of Excalibur and winning of Guinevere. Charles F. Benjamin's "Our Boys and Our Presidents," W. S. Harwood's "The City that Lives Outdoors," and Eleanor Lewis' "An Old-time Philosopher," combine pleasant and profitable reading. (Century Company: New York.)

THE CHURCH CHOIR

REV. O. W. SCOTT.

A RATHER hazardous theme! To be sure, and has been for fifty years. Wherefore? Ask the choristers, and the committees on church music!

Why must singers and choirs be ruled out of discussion? Are they made of finer (or fiercer) fibre than the rest of humanity? Does envy or jealousy unduly flourish in the soil of their hearts? The personal relations of some singers (and candor leads me to say that they are largely of the biped feminine) are anything but generous and friendly. A choir director in one of my pastoral charges came to me one day with a sad tale. He was a German of fine presence, and a thorough musician, having charge of the musical department of a large school in the city. He said: "I don't know what I can do with our choir." I was astonished, and excitedly inquired: "What is the matter, Professor? I have not heard of any trouble." "Ah!" said he in reply, "there is so much trol-losy, so much trol-losy!" I waited a moment for my wits to rally sufficiently for the interpretation of that new word. I then replied: "Yes, I suppose so, for there is more or less jealousy in all chorus choirs."

How well I remember the choir I first joined at the Conference seminary! We furnished the music at the morning service. Yea, "we," the choir, furnished it, and the congregation was not invited to join in the singing. How well I recall that choir, from the "head soprano" and the "head alto" down to the foot of each row! Let not my readers read that last word wrongly, though there *was* one if any one *dared* to sit in the seats of the "head" singers!

I have known of choirs who were hardly willing to be consulted concerning the music, even by the pastor. A friend of mine in a New England pastorate was notified one Sabbath that they proposed to substitute an anthem for the closing hymn. The pastor protested mildly, believing that the anthem should be first rather than last, and convinced that a hymn, well married to the theme of discourse, was the appropriate and effective ending of the service. The choir, however, insisted, and the pastor yielded and bided his time. It came along with the final number, in the morning service. Just before the choir arose, the pastor, stepping to the pulpit, said: "The choir will now perform!" The congregation was convulsed, the pastor apparently calm, and the choir "performed" for the first and last time—at the close of that service. No further efforts to dictate the order of service came from that choir.

Let it not be surmised that the writer thinks that the choir is always wrong. Nay, they are oftener right than wrong; and this only makes more conspicuous the occasions when they succeed in "making discords." Congregations frequently show their lack of good judgment, tenaciously protesting against innovations by the choir which are perfectly right and proper. I once knew of a church in one of the Middle States where the choir were anxious to instal a modest little organ in the choir loft. But some persons of marked obstinacy and some

influence opposed any change from the "tuning-fork" while they lived. It was apparent to the progressive chorister that these opposers would have a greatly prolonged life on the earth, so he proposed to anticipate their departure to the land of "harps and palms" by quietly, between Sundays, placing the organ in its proper position. The "gallery" being in the rear of the congregation, the offensive musical instrument was not discovered by the "opposition" until its presence was advertised when the gentle strains of "Dennis" filled the little church. The choir sang,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

But neither the tune nor the sentiment of the hymn prevailed with the determined opposers. With the close of service came a threat that if "that organ" was not removed by the next Sunday, "they" would throw it out! The combat deepened. Before the following Lord's day the vigilant and determined chorister had secured a set of clamps and screwed the tiny, inoffensive organ to the floor! And there it remained. Victory perched on the banner of the choir.

The church choir is not an "unmixed evil" by any means. The church owes much to its organization and influence in the development of a taste for sacred music as well as the great aid it has rendered in Sabbath and social worship. The evolution of the church choir would make an interesting study. May we not believe that the most satisfactory solution of this question of "church music" may be found, not in the chorus choir simply, as such, not in the "church quartet," but in the two combined as frequently found in the "vested choir?"

Lunenburg, Mass.

METHODIST MINISTERS' RELIEF ASSOCIATION

THE annual meeting just held developed a very encouraging condition of its affairs. The attendance was excellent and the interest healthy. The report of the clerk, Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Mansfield, showed that during the nearly twenty-five years of its history it has paid out \$529,259 to the families of 274 deceased members. The amount of good accomplished by these benefits is indescribable. The above figures tell their own wonderful story. Letters of gratitude from beneficiaries are among the most tender and pathetic utterances of life. When to the sad blow of affliction there is added the hard lot of poverty, with perhaps a number of small children and no visible means for their care, that affliction is made doubly sore and protracted. Methodist ministers everywhere do well to join this organization, and by the payment of a small sum as it may be needed keep in store a respectable fund for the day of dire distress.

The Methodist Ministers' Relief Association commends itself to the patronage of all Methodist ministers young enough and healthy enough to be admitted to membership. No Conference organization can do this work with equal facility. The necessarily limited membership in any Conference is too small to secure any considerable death benefit without a large individual contribution, which in the case of several deaths would be very burdensome. The constituency of this Association is the en-

tire body of our younger and healthy ministry. This acts very favorably in securing numbers, and the large number of young men received on probation every year affords an ample field from which sufficient recruits may be gathered to keep down the average age and increase its efficiency and permanence.

The number of deaths the past year was 21—four more than during the previous year. The benefits paid were \$37,000. During the year 119 new members joined; 9 take additional insurance; amount of insurance taken during the year, \$187,000. During the preceding year 70 new members were added; 19 took additional insurance; total insurance taken, \$134,000. The number of lapses last year was 3 in part and 36 in full. The previous year there were 16 in part and 23 in full. There are now 1,740 members in the Association, insured for \$3,197,000. The list comprises bishops, secretaries, editors, presidents and professors of colleges, presiding elders and pastors in 103 Conferences in the United States and foreign lands.

The surplus fund is not large, but increasing. One year ago it was \$17,292.85. It has now risen to \$22,678.41. The directors at their recent annual meeting voted to add to this surplus twenty per cent. of the receipts from assessments. This will still further increase the surplus to a reasonable size in a few years, and so add much to the permanent strength of the Association. This will require from one to two additional assessments annually, but it imparts stability to the cause. We all love cheap insurance, but it must be abiding.

In spite of the extra expense of an agent, the expense fund is greater than one year ago by \$223.56. The agent, Rev. Geo. Whitaker, D. D., has sent out over 15,000 circular envelopes since April last, and finds a very general interest in the work of the Association, as indicated by the many letters of inquiry, testimonies of regard, acceptance of membership, and promises for the future.

Suffer the exhortation not to delay in joining or paying assessments. A prominent pastor lay dying. A parishioner observed several unpaid assessment cards, and quietly telegraphed immediate payment. These proved to be only one-half of the unpaid assessments, but were just in time to save that much to his needy fam-

College Professors
Talk of Foods

The New York papers recently contained a long account of the so-called discovery of a celebrated professor in one of the leading universities. The "discovery" related to a new and successful way of treating wheat and barley—to prepare the starchy part by dry baking, so it would be made more digestible and nutritious. Thereupon Prof. Livingstone, commenting on the discovery of the other professor, says: "A discoverer who was a business man first and a scientist afterward found that such foods could be made more digestible when cooked with dry heat than by boiling in water, and has already placed on the market the food which he discovered prior to Dr. —." This refers to Grape-Nuts, the most scientifically made food known. Grape-Nuts can be easily digested by babies or any one with a weak stomach, and the food contains the most powerful rebuilding element known, particularly as relates to the rebuilding of the brain and nerve centres. It is a delicious food requiring no cooking, but ready for instant service just as it comes from the package. A recipe book free in each package describes many delicious dishes made from Grape-Nuts.

ily. A letter was received from a pastor long contemplating joining the Association, saying he would accept membership if he might date back the application to the day his letter was received. He could only be informed that none were received after they had passed their fiftieth birthday. Dear brethren, don't delay this provision for your young and dependent fam-

thousand dollars. A Young Men's League, organized about a year ago, is doing splendid work among the young men, and promises much for the future of the church. A successful normal Bible class is being conducted, with Rev. N. Fay Smith, of Northfield, as teacher. The Epworth League has a membership of 115, and is doing good work. The pastor, Rev. J. W. Stephan, has been unanimously invited to return for the third year.

During the year the church and parsonage have been moved and very greatly improved. The accompanying cut shows the present excellent condition of the property. On the old site the church stood in the middle of Franklin Street, one of the prettiest in the town, with only a narrow driveway running hard by the church and parsonage, connecting the two parts of Franklin St., with the parsonage in the rear of the church. Just one year ago the town meeting was held and voted to appropriate \$5,000 for the widening of the street. Something over \$2,000 more was subscribed by private individuals. A large lot adjoining the church on the west, the same depth and twice the width of the old lot, was available. Two committees were accordingly appointed—one from the church—Messrs. F. A. Pond, H. E. Goodell, and J. H. Lamb—and one from the town—Selectman Blake and Messrs. Jackson and Dyer. After several meetings of the two committees, the first proposition made by the church was accepted, and the large lot west of the church became the property of the society, with the addition that the

now has a cement floor and a new Thatcher tubular furnace. Set tubs were placed in the kitchen, a bay-window built on the south side of the dining-room.

The church was moved twice its width west, so as to leave on the Franklin St. side about 60 feet and on the west 25 feet. The edifice still fronts on Church St. and to the south as it did before, but it was raised seven feet higher, so as to provide for a basement vestry. The whole first story is now of new brick, which gives a very pleasing effect to the church. Seven hundred loads of earth were required for grading around the property. A new chimney was built from the foundation up. Electric lights were placed in the church and the walls refrescoed.

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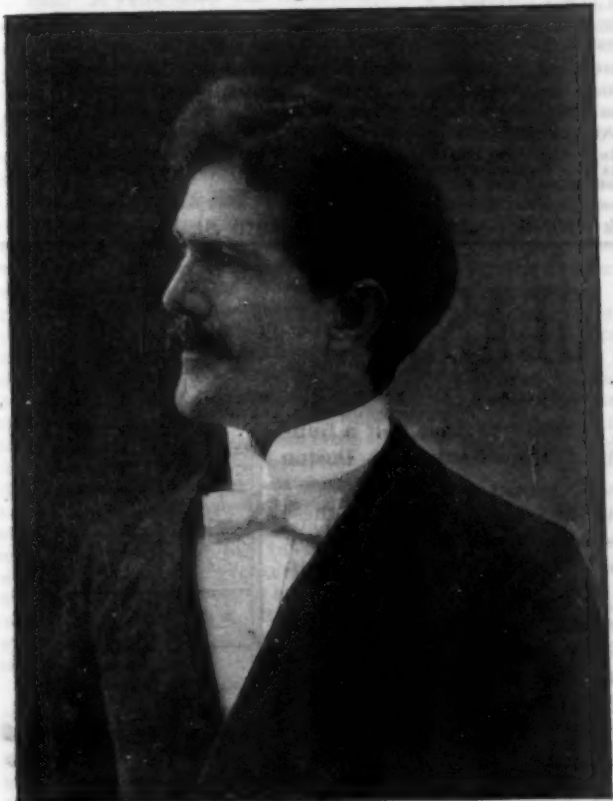
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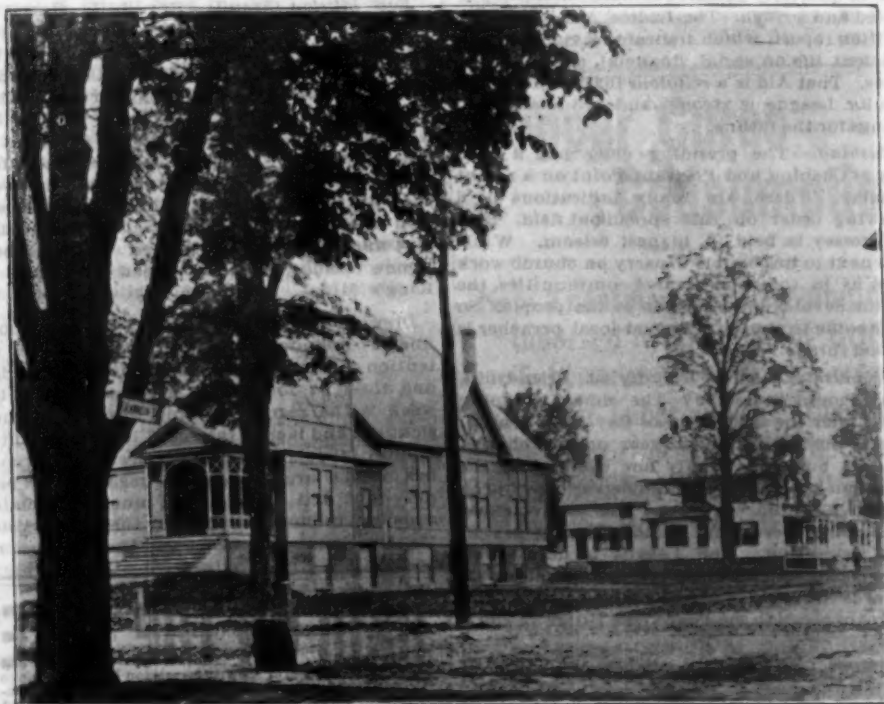
REV. J. W. STEPHAN

ily. Your hesitancy may cause them years of suffering. Try this better way.

Greenfield (Mass.) Church

At the fourth quarterly conference, held March 1, written reports were presented by all departments of the church, showing the society to be in a most flourishing condition. The pastor's report showed that the church has made substantial gain in membership; and the stewards' and trustees' reports showed that the valuation of the property has increased several

town move the church and parsonage to the new site. It was found, however, that the town could not guarantee the safe removal of the church, and the whole scheme was about to fall through, when, fortunately for the church, Mr. F. A. Pond and Mr. H. E. Goodell, two of the leading members of the church, took the contract and moved the property. Early in June the work was begun. The parsonage, which had faced the south and on Church St., was lifted from its foundation and moved back on the new lot, and turned so as to front on Franklin St. and to the east. The foundation is higher, the cellar deeper, and



GREENFIELD METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

THE CONFERENCES

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Rockland District

Damariscotta and Mills. — The fourth quarterly conference brings in many good reports. A religious interest is shown throughout the charge. There is an improved financial showing. The Epworth League manifests an enlarged interest. The Sunday-schools are doing well and are closing the year out of debt. Benevolences are being attended to, and are all pledged. The Mills has greatly advanced over last year's report. Few pastors have put in stronger and more faithful work than has Rev. F. Palladino on this charge for the last three years.

Georgetown and Arrowsic. — The pastor, Rev. F. A. Martyr, is teaching school at Arrowsic, and preaching as usual, and is general spiritual and intellectual functionary. Class-meetings are kept alive, and the various interests of the charge advanced as well as may be. This church has been sorrowfully afflicted by the death of several of its aged and faithful members during the winter. Mr. Martyr expects to visit his English home at the close of the Conference year, to return in the fall and attend one of our schools.

North Waldoboro and Orr's Corner. — Something in the nature of a surprise came to us here. Rev. George Reader desired a release from the charge that he might receive an appointment in another Conference. This was granted by the quarterly conference and the elder, subject to the consent of the Bishop. Mr. Reader has closed his work with colors a-peak. Congregations are good. Sunday-schools are doing well. The Week of Prayer was observed with benefit. The pastor's labor has been assiduously bestowed. Benevolences promise well. At Orr's Corner \$65 have been raised for painting the church, and at North Waldoboro \$100 have been raised for repairs. These repairs are to be undertaken immediately after Conference. Two days after the quarterly conference the presiding elder received a letter from Bishop Andrews containing a transfer certificate for Mr. Reader. This was sent on, and Mr. Reader is now a member of the Northern Minnesota Conference. Rev. H. W. Collins has been appointed to North Waldoboro and Orr's Corner.

Washington. — This charge never seemed more alive and interested in itself. The present arrangement by which it is being served by the Union pastor is desired and expected to be continued. Rev. A. L. Nutter finds a warm-hearted and appreciative people in this little village.

Union. — Union is alive and well. The Sunday-school is good, with a large average attendance. The Epworth League is "on deck" and doing effective work. General loyalty to church interests prevails. To date, \$90 represents the League's interest in a window for the new church. The members are also selling books, donated by a friend, towards another window. A Sunday-school Missionary Sunday was observed with marked success, and \$32 was raised.

Bremen Circuit. — Rev. J. N. Atwood took this charge in September under circumstances not altogether inspiring. The work was at low ebb. But the year is closing with good promise. The outlook is encouraging. The Sunday-schools are in excellent condition, especially so at Dutch Neck. Benevolences are being faithfully presented. A feature of the fourth quarterly conference was a temperance report given by Osborne Kaler, who is chairman of the temperance committee and has been reappointed to that position. If our quarterly conference committees should be worked more generally, great good would result to churches big and little.

Rockport. — This church is finely organized and is in a condition of growing life. This has been the best year of the three in Rev. J. H.

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Gray's pastorate, and that is saying much. Christmas tokens of appreciation from people to pastor were abundant. Services are largely attended. The spiritual life is most encouraging. The Sunday-school still increases in numbers and enthusiasm. The Epworth League is alive and faithful in work. The reports at the fourth quarterly conference were carefully prepared and written. The Ladies' Aid rendered a written report, which indicated a vigorous and efficient life on social, financial, and spiritual lines. That Aid is a religious institution! The Junior League is strong, and promises great things for the future.

Cushing. — The presiding elder had a good day at Cushing and Pleasant Point on a recent Sunday. There are many indications of a growing order on this spread-out field. Rev. L. Pressey is held in highest esteem. While it is next to impossible to carry on church work here as in the concentrated communities, the pastor devotes his attention to the people. So they come to church. A good local preacher is a good thing.

Friendship. — All is friendly at Friendship. Why should it not be? The church is doing well under the leadership of Rev. F. W. Towle, who is closing his second year on the charge. He is a busy man. Only one evening in the week can be call his own. The various church meetings are encouraging. The benevolences are coming cheerfully. Sunday-schools are in good condition. The League is doing well financially and spiritually. It has raised \$25 towards the small church debt and has sent a barrel of goods to the Deaconess Home in Portland.

Camden. — Nothing new in Camden. But do not misunderstand; the old was progressive. Congregations are excellent, with about one-third men. The Sunday-school is a growing

quantity. The class-leaders' reports were excellent. The Epworth League report was good. The Ladies' Aid is alive — religious, spiritual, practical on material lines, thoroughly social. The ladies of the Aid have raised \$360 towards church financial obligations. Rev. George M. Bailey is one of the much beloved pastors.

East Pittston Circuit. — Rev. L. L. Harris is holding his own, and more. He exercises two hundred pounds of muscular energy in his work, besides the time and strength demanded by pulpit, social, and pastoral service. That church edifice has been hanging by the gills for a long time, but the society hopes to get at it and move it towards completion after Conference. The fidelity of a loyal pastor deserves such an encouragement. Church services are well attended. The Sunday-school Home Department is gaining in interest and numbers. A new Sunday-school has been organized at King's Mills.

Dresden and South Dresden. — Pastor Brooks finds work enough to demand the time and attention of two men. Three sermons on Sunday and three or four social services during the week is the regular routine. "Cold weather, sickness, and lack of interest" have affected the Sunday-schools and other services. Mr. Brooks has found a large place in the regard of his people. Rev. J. A. Morelen is a much-appreciated assistant in church work. By the will of Sister Mayers the church at South Dresden has re-

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ceived \$750, the interest to be used to support preaching.

Prohibition, etc. — It was our privilege a little time ago to call upon our genial friend and brother, the sheriff of Androscoggin County. We found him busy with the cares and commanding interests of his office. The bar-room trade of the county jail has fallen off amazingly since Rev. C. S. Cummings moved into the sheriff's residence. The rum-sellers of Lewiston are looking sad-eyed and are mournfully saying: "Prohibition prohibits." Since Judge Spear has given Bangor to understand she is a part of the State of Maine, and is amenable to the laws of the State of Maine, the "Devil's Half Acre" and suburbs are shaking with a kind of St. Vitus dance for fear of a fine and ninety days in jail. At last Maine is beginning to try its prohibition law in earnest, and it works like a charm! Prohibition does not prohibit, is no longer sung in our land. Now the outcry is, Resubmission. Before the HERALD gets this report we shall know what our Legislature decides.

Benevolences. — Brethren, suffer another word relative to Conference benevolences. Do not fail to present them, and urge them, and push them, and get them if it be in your power. Do not neglect the Cleveland Convention \$100. Will not every brother try to do something on this special? We hope to have the hundred to pay in at Conference. It is for you to decide. We felt the district could not afford to forego the privilege of helping a little in the church's great emergency. It will be reported as part of our missionary collection.

Preachers' Association. — An enthusiastic people, fine weather, an attendance of 23 preachers, two excellent sermons, large congregations, an A 1 program covering six topics, ten well-written papers discussing all the themes, profitable open discussion, devotional services that were "times of refreshing," constituted an unusually valuable winter session, in intellectual and spiritual as well as social directions, of the Rockland District Ministerial Association, which was held at Rockport, Feb. 24-26. We enjoyed the visitation of Rev. H. I. Holt and Rev. G. E. Edgett from the Bucksport District. The kindly fraternal spirit which prompted Rev. Mr. Evans, of the Congregational Church at Camden, to respond to our invitation and preach in place of the appointee, who was unable to be with us, was much appreciated. And who that heard it can forget that sermon, so unique, so pithy, so spicy, so strong, so excellent, on the text, Isa. 28: 20? Shall we not all more fully realize the value of the Gospel as the only "bed" upon which the human soul can recline in comfort and security; and the only "covering" in which the soul can "wrap" itself sufficiently from the cold and bleak circumstances of the earthly life? Rev. C. F. Smith's sermon upon Ps. 8: 5-6 was a carefully-thought-out and wrought-out address which did us good. The next Association will be held at Boothbay Harbor in June. Brethren, let us purpose to be present if possible. Neglect of our Associations does us incalculable harm. Let us seek to make the meeting of great value to this charge.

Boothbay Harbor. — The year closes with many encouraging features. Congregations are very good. People are saying: "The sermons grow better." Sunday-schools are on the upgrade. That chapel at West Harbor is almost in sight, and doubtless will materialize next summer.

Southport. — "The best year of the five" — so all the people say. Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Butter-

field are held in great appreciation. All lines of interest are growing. Congregations were never so good. Enthusiasm for church and good things is manifested throughout this island town. The church must be renewed. Summer visitors flock in here, and the people are feeling more and more that they should be well churched. Few towns are more alive to all its possible industrial interests than Southport. Rev. J. D. Payson, one of our esteemed Conference members, lives here, and is an invaluable supporter of our church, while the town holds him in highest honor. Any one desiring a delightful summer outing can do no better than spend a few weeks with Mr. Payson on the shores of Sheepscot Bay. We are glad to say that our brother's health is so much improved that he can preach occasionally, and that not only to his own delight, but to the pleasure and profit and inspiration of his hearers.

Windsor. — Nineteen hundred miles represents the distance actually traveled by the pastor of this circuit in his regular labors during the present Conference year to date. Five preaching services, separated from the parsonage by one, two, three, five, and eight miles, demand his attention. Social, spiritual and intellectual conditions are all that might be expected in a charge so rural. This is no field for a pastor that "cannot find time." Rev. C. W. Lowell is closing his fourth year on this extensive and difficult circuit. One has been received on probation, 1 in full by letter, and 2 from probation during the past quarter. T. F. J.

Bangor District

Mars Hill. — On a recent Sunday evening a congregation completely filling the house greeted the elder, and at the close of the sermon one asked the prayers of the church. One was received from probation and 4 by letter. The pastor's little son was baptized at home.

Bridgewater. — A revival spirit is abroad, and two asked prayers on Sunday. The people are praying for an outpouring of power.

Monticello. — Pastor Allen arranged to make the quarterly occasion one of special profit. Meetings began Friday afternoon and continued through Sunday. A spirit of great tenderness and power prevailed in every service.

Houlton. — A most helpful and cheerful fourth quarterly conference was held. The new church vestries are now in use, and the whole is nearing completion. Dedication will occur before Conference time.

Hodgdon and Linneus. — On a recent Sunday 9 persons were baptized at Linneus and 13 received into full membership. Seven of this number were heads of families. There are more to follow. BRIGGS.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Augusta District

Wilton and North Jay. — It was with profit and pleasure we visited this charge a few Sabbaths ago. Rev. A. T. Craig is enjoying his work, and the people are equally happy with him and his family. On New Year's evening

Copper Cures Consumption

New Treatment for Consumption Indorsed by Member of British Tuberculosis Congress—"Antidotum Tuberculose" (the Copper Cure) Marvel of the Medical World—Hope for All, No Matter How Bad Off.

Benefits Congressman Dingley's Son and Cures Others of Quick, Galloping and Fast Consumption in Their Own Home—Any One Can Receive

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Consumptives need not worry about their future any more, as the long-looked-for cure for consumption has at last been found, and a cure is now just as sure as in ordinary disease. To satisfy yourself of this you have only to write the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co. (Ltd.), 774 Main st., Kalamazoo, Mich., of which the chairman is Mr. O. K. Buckhout, a noted member of the British Tuberculosis Congress and also of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, composed of world-famous men who have made consumption—its cure and prevention—a life study. This cure is something entirely new, and is called "Antidotum Tuberculose," or the Copper Cure, and is the only discovery we know of that absolutely kills all tuberculosis germs which cause consumption, as, unless this is done, the disease cannot be cured. As the name of the remedy tells, its chief ingredient is copper, which metal has at last been found to be the deadly enemy of the consumption germ. "Antidotum Tuberculose" is the original copper cure.

You can tell if you have consumption by the coughing and hawking, by continually spitting, especially in the morning, when you throw yellow and black matter, by bleeding from the lungs, night sweats, flat chest, fever, weak voice, peculiar flushed complexion, pain in chest, wasting away of the flesh, etc. Find out how the Copper Cure kills the germs, then builds up the lungs, strengthens the heart, puts flesh on the body and muscles on the bones until the consumption is all gone, and you are again a strong, healthy, robust man or woman.

Don't doubt this, for the very same discovery benefited A. H. Dingley, a son of Congressman Dingley, of Dingley Tariff Bill fame, who went West and South for relief and didn't get it, and came back with death staring him in the face, and was benefited by "Antidotum Tuberculose" after all else had failed.

So don't give up hope, and don't spend your money in travel. Attend to it right away, for consumption spreads to other members of the family. If you have consumption or fear you are predisposed to it write tonight to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co. (Ltd.), 774 Main st., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you illustrated and scholarly books free of charge, telling you fully how the Copper Cure will cure you in your own home in a very short time.

he began a revival campaign, assisted by Miss Nellie D. Thompson, evangelist, which continued nearly through the month with glorious results. The fruit of it we witnessed on a recent Sunday evening, when fifty gave strong testimonies for Christ. During the special services 28 requested God's help to lead a new life, and three have said, "Pray for me," since then, making 31 in all. During the quarter 17 adults and 8 children have been baptized, 8 received by certificate, 5 from probation, and 18 on probation. The pastor and his wife were graciously remembered at Christmas time — a \$30 fur coat from the Wilton church, and \$17 cash from the North Jay church, and a nice sleigh robe from the pastor's Sunday-school class. A new copper pump has been put in the parsonage by the Epworth League, and \$8 raised for the Jesse Lee Chair. All bills are paid to date, and benevo-

lences will exceed last year. The church and people are very anxious for Mr. Craig's return for another year, and so voted at the fourth quarterly conference. All reports were excellent.

Farmington.—We called on this church recently, and found the pastor and people as happy and united as in the past. At the fourth quarterly conference a unanimous invitation was extended to Rev. W. P. Lord to serve his fifth year. Mr. Lord and his faithful wife have worked untiringly and successfully for four consecutive years, and great good has been done. At the present time all expenses are paid, and the benevolences bid fair to surpass the past year. For the Jesse Lee Chair \$25 have been raised, which the people gave freely on Jesse Lee Day. Mr. Lord believes in observing special occasions. Mrs. Lord has charge of the Junior League work, and is very successful. The average attendance for the year has been thirty, with a membership of over forty. The pastor has a children's class which meets regularly on Saturday afternoons. The Epworth League is in good condition, and the Sunday-school is holding its own, although the present quarter has been badly broken up by measles, mumps, and kindred afflictions. Previous to this interruption the school was larger than for years before. Good congregations, good religious interest, some conversions, are among the good things reported. Mr. and Mrs. Lord are held in the highest esteem in this community, and it would be greatly regretted by the church and the entire village if he should sever his relation the coming spring.

Wayne and North Leeds.—The pastor, Rev. F. H. Billington, took a very unfruitful field last spring, but through hard and faithful work he is seeing fruit in several ways. While his health is not the best, yet he has labored unceasingly for the good of this people, and not without appreciation, for the last quarterly conference unanimously voted for his return for another year, and some of the people went so far as to say, "We cannot get on without him." Harmony prevails, bills are nearly paid to date, benevolences will exceed last year, the church is well filled on Sunday morning, and the interest is good. Mrs. Billington has the Junior work, in which she is succeeding well, and is also Sabbath-school superintendent. The people have nothing but good things to say of the pastor and his wife; his sermons are highly spoken of, and his leadership in slugging in the social service is much enjoyed. Mr. Billington is a faithful pastor, having the record of doing more pastoral work than has been done for years, if ever. He is faithful to every care committed to him. He gave the people a good service on Jesse Lee Day. The cash result was not what he had anticipated, yet he did his duty. While the people desire him to remain, he may ask for a change on account of his health. He ought to have a charge with only one preaching place. A new suit of nice clothes has been presented to the pastor since our visit there. Glad for him!

Monmouth.—Rev. H. L. Nichols is closing his fifth year, and many are the regrets that he intends to sever his relations with this people at the coming Conference. He and his wife have endeared themselves to this church. Five years' service, without a hitch or break of friendship with either party, I am sure, is very commendable, and speaks well for pastor and people. Within the past two years quite \$3,000 has been laid out on the church edifice, renovating, remodeling and beautifying. During all the time and money spent under the supervision of committees, with the concurrence of pastor and friends, there has not been a single jar of feeling, not a ripple of discord. All have worked in perfect harmony, and pulpit and pew are closely in touch with each other. Mr. Nichols leaves with the respect and love of everybody. All bills are paid to date, with benevolences advanced over last year, and \$18 raised for Jesse Lee Chair. What a blessed condition of things,

when pastor and people love each other, cheerfully work together, and rightly understand one another!

District Conference.—The District Conference was held at Monmouth, Feb. 23-24, and was attended by twenty-five pastors, two ex-pastors, and several superintendents of Sunday-school and presidents of Epworth Leagues, district stewards, and class-leaders. The conference opened Monday evening with a strong and helpful sermon by Rev. G. A. Martin, of Rumford Falls, who took his text from John 4:38: "Our Debt to Others." Tuesday morning the prayer service was followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, conducted by the presiding elder. Two appeared for a local preacher's license, and eight for renewal of license. "The Place of Laymen in the Church," was ably handled by several of the preachers, and by Harry Cochran for the laymen. Rev. H. E. Dunnack presented a resolution favoring two districts in the Maine Conference instead of three, and after much spirited discussion it was lost by a vote of 15 to 14. The topic, "Problems of Maine Methodism," was discussed by several of the preachers and laymen. Rev. W. S. Bovard, of Portland, was introduced and addressed the conference. In the evening Rev. W. S. Bovard preached, from Phil. 3:8, a sermon characteristic of the speaker—tender, helpful, comforting, and inspiring. All pronounced this first district conference a success in every way. Much interest was manifested, and it was the largest gathering of the kind we have ever held. All feel that it is a great improvement over the Ministerial Association, in this particular if no other: It gives the laymen a chance with the ministry, and does a part of the quarterly conference work, thus broadening the responsibility and giving character, prominence and better efficiency to our work. All feel that it is a move in the right direction. The next session of the conference will be held at Livermore Falls.

C. A. S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Concord District

Another Northern Trip.—We left home on the 11.31 train, Saturday, with our destination, Milan, 180 miles distant. The heavy snows of a few days before had been cleared away, so that trains were in no way interfered with. The Canadian Pacific left us at Woodsville, while the train north from there compelled us to change at Whitefield Junction. The end of the railroad being at Berlin, we had eight miles to drive before reaching the end of the journey. Rev. N. L. Porter was on hand as the train arrived, and we were soon on the way. The snow was very deep, and the track, when out of the city, very narrow, so it was with great difficulty we could pass a team coming in the opposite direction. Twice we had to get out or be in danger of rolling ministerial dignity in the snow. It was eight o'clock when we stopped at the parsonage door. A few days before, when the people down country, with the mercury from zero to fifteen or twenty below, thought it was very cold and longed for warmth to strike that thermometer, it was 44 below zero here. The air is very dry, so that even such a temperature is not felt as keenly as one thirty degrees warmer near the coast. The pastor on one of his trips for a funeral froze his face, so that the skin peeled and left it very tender.

Our Sunday morning congregation was good when we remember that nearly every able-bodied man, with quite a number of the women and some of the children, are in the lumber camps for the winter. What an industry this is! Thousands of people have "taken to the woods" in this north country, and will not be out until the snow is gone. In every direction is heard the sound of the woodman's axe. The poetic request, "Woodman, spare that tree!" has no consideration here. They take everything that is at all suited for pulp wood or lumber, or bobbias. It certainly seems as if

SUPERIOR MERIT

Remarkable Curative Properties of a Remedy for Indigestion and Stomach Weakness

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a preparation for the cure of dyspepsia and the various forms of indigestion and stomach trouble, owes its great success as a cure for these troubles to the fact that it is prepared for disease and weakness of the stomach and digestive organs only, and is not recommended or advised for any other disease.

It is not a cure-all, but for any stomach trouble it is undoubtedly the *safest*, most sensible remedy that can be advised with the prospect of a permanent cure. It is prepared in tablet form, pleasant to taste, composed of vegetable and fruit essences, pure pepsin, and Golden Seal, every one of which acts effectively in digesting the food eaten, thereby resting and invigorating the weak stomach; *rest* is nature's cure for any disease, but you cannot rest the stomach unless you put into it something that will do its work or assist in the digestion of food.

That is exactly what Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do. One grain of the digestive principle contained in them will digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs, or similar wholesome foods; they will digest the food, whether the stomach is in working order or not, thereby nourishing the body and resting the stomach at the same time; and *rest* and *nourishment* are nature's cure for any weakness.

In persons run down in flesh and appetite these tablets build up the strength and increase flesh, because they digest flesh-forming food, which the weak stomach cannot do; they increase the flow of gastric juice and prevent fermentation, acidity and sour watery risings.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found at all drug stores at 50 cents per package.

nothing would be left in a very little while. Still where sections were logged twenty years ago there is again a fine growth, and in a few years more will be ready to cut.

The Sunday afternoon congregation at Dummer was very good. A strong wind was filling the roads full of snow, but we managed to get through with no trouble. At this part of the charge was held the quarterly conference. Reports were very encouraging. The claim is well paid up, and all the interests seem to be faithfully looked after. They were very unanimous for the return of the pastor another year. One of the interesting figures here is Mr. W. A. Willis, who at eighty years of age is the recording steward of this charge. He has held the position for many years, and is only the second one in the history of Methodism in this community. He has long been a reader of ZION'S HERALD, and knows what is taking place in our great territory. This Dummer section needs a chapel, and some day in the near future we shall expect it will have one.

From here we drove across the river on the ice, then over the hills to West Milan. Found a smoking furnace that rendered the attempt at a service a decidedly uncomfortable matter. A fifteen-minute sermon was all we could afford under the circumstances. Rev. George Hudson has a strong hold on the people here, and is doing faithful service. Frequently he has been into the lumber camps taking his stereopticon and talking to them on temperance. He has distributed a great deal of literature. This church hopes by July next to have paid its church debt. The Church Extension Society has made a grant of \$300, to be paid when they have paid in cash all but that amount. This will give a new lease of life to this church that ought to be a very significant factor in this vicinity. Mr. Hudson's return is unanimously asked for.

It had been arranged that Monday we should go into one of the camps of the Percy Lumber Co. It is located in the mountains along what are known as the South Ponds, there being a chain of some half dozen of them. The superintendent of the company is Mr. George M. Smith, a most genial and affable gentleman, who is very particular about the men he employs and the way they conduct themselves. In the three camps he has, are employed about 165 men. They are well fed—it is surprising

The children cross? No.
It's your liver that's cross.
Take away liver ugliness
with a good liver pill—

Ayer's

what a table is set; many hotels do not furnish as good a bill of fare. Liquor and cards are prohibited in the camps, and the law *does* prohibit. The particular camp to which we went is in charge of Mr. S. R. Veasey, a member of our quarterly conference at Stark, who knows how to look after such a company of men. We walked in part of the way in company with Mr. Hudson, then took a seat on one of the great four-horse sleds that had just brought down 2,000 feet of logs. They have made splendid roads through the woods, and a man is kept along them all the time to make any repairs necessary. To come down the steep pitches they cover the track with hay. This is a sufficient check to prevent a load running away to the destruction of team or driver. Everything is done in a very systematic manner. Soon after reaching camp we found that from another direction had come Mr. G. M. Smith, bringing with him Rev. J. L. Felt and wife, Rev. W. P. White and wife, and Miss Vera Cole. The camp had fifty men in it. The only all-day occupants are the cook and two "cookees," as they are called. How they work, and how neat they keep everything about them! The most fastidious need have no squeamish feelings. They have breakfast at 5.30, dinner at 11.30, and supper at 6. They wash and comb before coming to the table, and are as gentlemanly as they would be in a hotel or private dining-room. They ate as if they enjoyed their food, and then each man started again for his place of labor.

What a dinner the visitors that day ate! The cook seemed determined that each should be filled for once. They were. Our kodak carried away in its darkened depths several snapshots of the place and its company.

In the evening a preaching service and quarterly conference at Stark closed the day. There is an improvement noted in the work here. They ask unanimously for the pastor's return. At a recent preachers' meeting they discussed the question: "How can we Utilize the Visits of the Presiding Elder to the Best Advantage for the Church?" The pastor of this church has found out. He just utilizes him—takes him out to do pastoral work, visit the sick and aged, baptize, etc. This time we visited a consumptive patient, evidently not far from the end, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We found an aged couple who have been married fifty-five years, and who have lived for half a century within sight of the daily travel over the Grand Trunk railroad, and yet the wife has never stepped foot on a railway train. The husband has traveled less than one hundred miles. It can hardly seem that such a statement is correct, but it is vouched for.

The quarterly conference at Stratford, in the afternoon, carefully discussed the matter of support and how to secure it. They very much enjoy Rev. Henry Candler and his family. He has done good work and has more to show for his efforts than has been seen in years. His return will be welcomed.

The evening found us at Grovelton. Faithful

WOULD YOU CARE

to be cured of stomach trouble, constipation, torpid or congested liver? Would you like to be sure that your kidneys are always in perfect condition? Would you wish to be free from backache, rheumatism, and catarrh of the stomach? The Vernal Remedy Co., 52 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., will send you, free and prepaid, a small trial bottle of their Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine, which makes all the above troubles impossible. One dose a day of this remedy does the work and cures perfectly, to stay cured. There is no trouble and but a trifle of expense to cure the most stubborn case.

Every reader of ZION'S HERALD who needs it may have a small trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Co., Buffalo, N. Y. It cures catarrh of the stomach, flatulence, indigestion, constipation of bowels, and congestion and sluggish condition of liver and kidneys. For inflammation of bladder and prostate gland it is a wonder worker.

For sale by all leading druggists.

DEAR MADAM: Please Read My Free Offer



Words of Wisdom to Sufferers from a Lady of Notre Dame, Indiana.

I send free of charge to every sufferer this great Woman Remedy, with full instructions, description of my past sufferings and how I permanently cured myself.

You Can Cure Yourself at Home Without the Aid of a Physician.

It costs nothing to try this remedy once, and if you desire to continue its use, it will cost you only twelve cents a week. It does not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it; that is all I ask. It cures everybody, young or old.

If you feel bearing down pains as from approaching danger, pain in the back and bowels, creeping so-called female complaint, then write to Mrs. M. Summers, Notre Dame, Ind., for her free treatment and full instructions. Like myself thousands have been cured by it. I send it in a plain envelope.

Mothers and Daughters will learn of a simple family remedy, which quickly and thoroughly cures female complaints of every nature. It saves worry and expense and the unpleasantness of having to reveal your condition to others. Vigor, health and happiness result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well-known ladies in your neighborhood, who know and will testify that this family remedy cures all troubles peculiar to their sex, strengthens the whole system and makes healthy and strong women. Write to-day, as this offer may not be made again.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 193, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

work has been done here. The pastor has been diligent, and is highly esteemed as a Christian gentleman. The work of the pastor's wife in the Junior League is of special worth both for the present and the future of the church. More than one hundred members are in it. It is the best graded and most successful of any Junior League in the Conference. If there is a superior, we will take this back. The finances are better than a year ago. The church would be glad to retain the pastor another year, but he is in doubt as to the wisdom of remaining.

Another Lumber Camp Experience.—It was Monday, March 2. Rev. W. A. Loyne had desired that we go to the Tunnell Camp, up on the side of Mt. Torsey, that lies to the north of Moosilauke. It was eighteen miles from Woodsville. We must go by team. The thaw had taken away most of the snow, so that in some spots the roads were bare. The company consisted of Rev. W. A. Loyne, Rev. J. L. Felt, the presiding elder, and the driver. A double-seated sleigh, with a span of horses, was our outfit. It was a little before 11 A. M. when we started. At Swiftwater we were joined by Rev. W. A. Hudson, who followed with a team. A little before 2 P. M. the journey ended. After a lunch served in the real style of the camp (all our crockery being tinware), we climbed the hilly roads, saw the choppers at work, the teams taking their great loads down the mountain, and the men at work on the landings. At 6 o'clock we ate supper with the hardy workmen, and at 7 preached them a gospel sermon. Never did we have a more attentive congregation anywhere. There were about thirty in all. We found good literature here, comfort bags, and copies of the Word of God, all put here by the Lumbermen's Department of the W. C. T. U., of which Mrs. Loyne is the superintendent. This is a splendid work. Mr. Hudson has done good work in some of the camps since he has been at Swiftwater, and they appreciated it by making him a gift of some money recently. At 8.30 our driver turned his horses towards home, and at 11 o'clock we stopped at the Woodsville parsonage, ready to spend the rest of the night in sleep. It had been a drive of thirty-six miles—a most enjoyable day—and we hope some fruit of gospel sowing will be gathered as the result. When Mr. Hudson, who presided that evening in the service, introduced the speaker, he gave him a new title that rather impressed us. To give the men in that party of workmen, most of whom were Catholics, an idea of what our office as a presiding elder meant, he said he was to the preachers what the man whom they called the "walking boss" was to them. We hope the term "boss" has no unpleasant significance to it.

Grange.—This is a part of the Lancaster charge, being about two and a half miles away from the village. They are a splendid people, full of courage and hope. They will meet every bill before Conference. They ask unanimously for the return of Rev. J. L. Felt.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

North Dighton.—Dunlap Memorial Church is closing the year prosperously, and at the same time the pastor, Rev. H. H. Critchlow, is closing a most successful pastorate covering a period of five years. Notwithstanding the hard times businesswise in the town, and the heavy burden which the church is bearing because of the recent erection of a new house of worship, finances are easier than they have been at any other time in the past ten years. The spiritual interests of the church are well sustained. The birthday of the pastor occurred a short time since, and the people took this occasion to invade the parsonage and order the pastor to "stand" while they "delivered" to him a purse of \$74. This, added to cash gifts at Christmas, makes an aggregate of \$100, in bestowing which the North Dighton people have expressed their appreciation of the family in the parsonage. The ladies of the parish weeks ago presented Mrs. Critchlow with a unique comfort bag filled with a large number of packages designed to give a daily surprise for a long time. At the last report its resources had not been fully explored.

Fall River, First Church.—The pastor, Rev. Thomas Tyrie, is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures on "Young People's Questions about Religion." The annual report of the board of trustees, presented at the fourth quarterly conference, showed that the sum of \$1,000 has been paid on the church debt during the past year and the roof of the church building had been newly shingled and paid for. The Epworth League, which is active to a greater or less extent in all departments, is just now winning considerable attention by its work in the Literary department.

Middleboro.—On Sunday, March 1, the pastor, Rev. E. Tirrell, admitted 5 persons to the church on probation.

Cottage City.—A Washington's Birthday entertainment and sale was given by the Ladies' Aid Society. The attendance was good and the results gratifying. The program, which was full of good things, was arranged by Mrs. R. S. Moore, the wife of the pastor.

Sandwich.—Encouraging reports are received from the pastor, Rev. W. D. Wilkinson, whose rest and treatment in the sanitarium at Wernersville, Pa., seem already to be very helpful to him. The church is courageously doing its work in the absence of the pastor and the pulpit is being well supplied. The fifth annual convention of the Cape Cod Sunday-schools was held in this church, Feb. 23. It was very helpful and was well attended.

Nantucket.—The marks of success are not wanting in this church. With a church membership of about ninety the week-night prayer-meeting is often attended by sixty or seventy persons and the devotional meeting of the Ep-

worth League is as well sustained. During the winter the Sunday-school attendance has been 72 per cent. of the membership. The Junior League has a large membership and is doing excellent work not only for itself, but for the church and town. Under the efficient management of the superintendent, Miss Florence Swain, it gave a public entertainment in the Athenaeum recently, which was recognized and commended as a valuable contribution to the public good. The pastor, Rev. J. O. Rutter, is held in high esteem as a wise leader and useful Christian worker.

IRVING.

Providence District

Attleboro.—The celebration of the 37th anniversary of this church took place Thursday evening, March 12. It was a perfect night, and the audience that gathered filled the spacious auditorium to repletion. Rev. Joshua O. Randall, the new pastor, presided with grace and tact. The formal exercises were opened with an organ voluntary by Mrs. F. G. Simmonds. In the regretted absence of Rev. Alexander Anderson, the first pastor of the church, who was detained by his physician's orders, prayer was offered by Rev. C. A. Stenhouse, of First Church, Pawtucket. Mr. and Mrs. Harderg, Mrs. C. S. Jackson and Mr. John Sinclair, the regular quartet, sang most effectively, "Come where the Lilies Bloom." Mrs. Jackson is a daughter of Rev. H. D. Robinson, a former pastor. The welcome offered by the pastor in the name of the membership of the church to the guests of the evening lacked nothing in warmth or depth. He presented the presiding elder of the district, Rev. A. J. Coultas, as the speaker of the evening, who was received with hearty applause and proceeded to discuss in a broad and comprehensive way "The Demands of This Age upon the Great Methodist Episcopal Church." Some novel suggestions were made. One running through the address was, "Why should not the church take advantage of the principle everywhere manifest in the opera-

How a Woman Paid Her Debts

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$600 selling Dish washers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer, and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own house. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why ladies want the Dish-washer. I give my experience for the benefit of any one who may wish to make money easily. I buy my Dish-washers from the Mound City Dish-Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particulars. They will start you in business in your own home.

L. A. C.

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BOSTON-MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE

Azores, Naples and Genoa.
Cambrian, May 2, June 20 | Vancouver, Apr. 22, June 6
Saloon, \$60 upward. 2nd Saloon, \$50.

BOSTON — QUEENSTOWN — LIVERPOOL

Canada, Thurs. Apr. 2 | New England, Apr. 11
Saloon \$65 and \$90 upwards, according to steamer.

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SAFEST INVESTMENT IN AMERICA

Less than \$300,000 of the Issue of \$1,000,000 Preferred 7 per cent. Stock of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., of Brockton, Mass., Remains for Sale in Lots of One Share or More. If You want some of this Gilt-edge Stock, You must Act Quickly. Stock Pays 7 per cent. Annual Dividends. Payable Semi-annually.

SHARES ARE FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.

Sold at Par (\$100.00) One Hundred Dollars Each.

Send for Prospectus today.

J. L. RICE, 45 Milk St., Boston.

All Stock sold this month will receive six months' dividend, July 1, 1903.

Dividends are paid January 1 and July 1. If you do not want to wait for the Prospectus send the money, and certificates of Stock will be sent you by return mail.

tions of today and centralize and concentrate her mighty — but now dissipated — energies in great efforts?"

Then a procession was formed of the former pastors and their wives, led by the presiding elder. The vestries had been transformed into spacious drawing-rooms decorated elaborately. At the head of the receiving line of pastors and their wives stood the pastor, Rev. J. O. Randall, and Mrs. Randall; then came the presiding elder, Rev. A. J. Coultas, Rev. C. A. Stenhouse, Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Robinson, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Luce, Rev. Walter Ela, Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Tyrie, Mrs. J. W. Willett and Mrs. Alfred Messenger, of Taunton, widow and daughter of the late Rev. J. W. Willett, a former pastor, Mr. D. B. Ingraham, and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nickerson of Pawtucket. (To explain the presence of some persons in line it should be said that this church is a mission of the First Church, Pawtucket. Rev. Dr. David H. Ela, then pastor of the First Church, Pawtucket, and several members, including Daniel B. Ingraham, Alonzo J. Nickerson, and James Davis — afterward Governor of Rhode Island — founded this work in 1866, and early in April Rev. Alexander Anderson became first pastor.) For nearly an hour an unceasing handshaking was continued. An orchestra formed of young men in the church discoursed delightful strains of music. Then came refreshments and speech-making by the former pastors. Earlier in the evening Miss Eckley, deaconess of this church, read letters of regret from Rev. Alexander Anderson, Hebronville; Rev. Archibald McCord, Plymouth Church, Providence; Rev. G. W. Hunt, Enosburg Falls, Vt.; Rev. G. E. Brightman, Provincetown; Rev. J. C. Gowan by his wife, Mrs. Laura W. Gowan (Mr. Gowan was too ill to write), Los Angeles, Cal.; Rev. Richard Povey, Uncasville; Rev. J. Lee Mitchell, Attleboro; Rev. J. H. Holden, Attleboro. The two members of the church who survive as charter members, and who were present, were E. D. Parmenter and Lowell Brown. This celebration will go down in the history of the church as one of the best-planned and most enthusiastic gatherings the church ever had. The committee of arrangements are to be congratulated.

KARL.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—Prof. E. Charlton Black, of Boston University, gave his lecture, "The Novel of Today in the Light of the Eighteenth Century," before the Preachers' Meeting last Monday morning. It was a masterful review of the fiction of today, and merited the large audience and close attention which it received. Prof. F. Spencer Baldwin, of the University, will address the meeting next Monday on "The Cure for Strikes."

Cambridge District

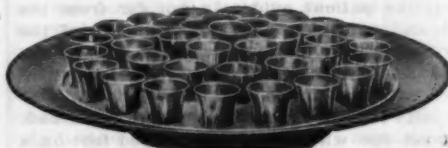
Sudbury.—Rev. G. E. Folk has served this church most efficiently for two years. He has been recommended for admission on trial to the New England Conference. Under his pastorate the work has prospered, and the benevolences greatly increased. The church gives at least \$60 for missions, which is nearly a dollar per member. Rev. A. J. Hall of the Conference is Sunday-school superintendent in the church,

THIS ADVERTISEMENT

is intended for every reader of this paper. I earnestly ask you to allow me to forward particulars concerning the EASTERN OREGON MINES SYNDICATE, being formed to acquire valuable properties adjoining the DOLCONDA, CRACKER OREGON, NORTH POLE and COLUMBIA Mines in Eastern Oregon. All subscriptions to the Syndicate must be in by April 1, so sit right down and write me for the literature explaining the proposition. ADRIAN G. HANAUER, Spokane, Wash.

TO INVESTORS

Money invested in Sheep and Cattle in Montana is safe and pays 30 per cent. A small investment now grows into a large flock in a few years. Over 300 men, women and children now have cattle and sheep on our ranches. Write for Annual Report, a most interesting document. MONTANA CO-OPERATIVE RANCH CO., Great Falls, Montana.



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Continues to grow in favor. Our patented noiseless tray is the one most generally used. One pastor writes us: "It is by far the most perfect thing yet made."

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REED & BARTON, Silversmiths.
Leaders in Communion Ware Goods
Office and Factories, Taunton, Mass.

and Rev. J. M. Conant superintendent of the North Sudbury school held in a school-house with nearly all the children in the section in the school.

Cochituate.—The church in this village is in the nature of a union church. It has a good Christian Endeavor Society of 60 members and a Sunday-school averaging 112 for the year. The church is not strong financially. The pastor, Rev. W. J. Heath, has given the people as good preaching as can be heard in any of our churches, and many words of commendation are spoken.

Lynn District

Byfield.—Mr. J. Riley Rogers writes: "Rev. W. W. Bowers, who was appointed to this charge three years ago, has shown himself to be an ideal citizen, a devout Christian, and an able preacher of the Gospel of Christ. On his arrival he at once became very popular, especially among the young people, and his popularity has become intensified as the years have passed. Not a single criticism do we hear; but every one predicts a bright future for Mr. Bowers, feeling that he deserves a better field. During his pastorate a new church edifice has been erected and furnished, the pastor doing his full share of

manual labor in the various departments of work, besides soliciting funds from various churches. The people appreciate highly his efficient labors here, his devotion to the church, his intense love for souls, and his uncompromising attitude towards wrong-doing in every form."

Malden, Faulkner Church.—At the fourth quarterly conference the pastor, Rev. Frank W. Collier, was unanimously recalled for another year. Reports from the pastor and the various officers and committees show the church to be in a state of unusual prosperity. The people are especially rejoicing over the fact that on March 8 the pastor set out to raise \$500—a deficit in the current expense account which accumulated nearly ten years ago and has been carried ever since. He succeeded to the extent of \$520. Although the day was very stormy, the announcement that Prof. MacWatters, of Boston University, was to sing was enough to draw good congregations that responded promptly and generously to the appeal of the pastor. The benevolences have not in any way been slighted to do this; on the other hand, the collection for missions was increased five-fold and for deaconess work seven fold over last year.

W.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Dedication at Noank, Conn.,

March 19

CONFERENCE	PLACE	TIME	BISHOP
New England,	Brookline,	April 1	Andrews
N. E. Southern,	Brockton,	" 1	Fowler
New York East,	S. Norwalk, Conn.,	" 1	Goodsell
New York,	Poughkeepsie,	" 1	McCabe
Vermont,	Northfield,	" 9	Warren
Maine,	Bridgton,	" 13	Andrews
New Hampshire,	Woodsville,	" 15	Warren
Troy,	Saratoga,	" 15	McCabe
East Maine,	Newport,	" 22	Andrews
Eastern Swedish,	Providence,	" 23	FitzGerald

The Old Camper

has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers and miners a daily comfort "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea and chocolate.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE—TRANSPORTATION.—The following arrangements have been made with the railroads and steamboats covering our Conference territory: N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad will furnish one-half fare return certificates to be presented to the Brockton ticket agent and entitling passengers who have paid full local rates to Brockton to a return ticket at half rates. The Vermont Central makes the same concession. The N. B., M. V., & N. Steamboat Co. give free returns over their lines. Brethren will notice that the reduction made by the railroads is very small—full fare to Brockton, and half of a full fare returning.

GEO. M. HAMLEN, Sec. Transportation.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE EXAMINATIONS.—Final examinations in the N. E. Southern Conference will take place at Central Church, Brockton, Tuesday, March 31, at 10.30 a. m., under the supervision of Rev. A. W. Kingsley.

The annual meeting of the board of examiners will be held in Central Church, Brockton, on Tuesday, March 31, at 4.30 p. m.

G. A. GRANT, Registrar.

Examiners are requested to send all marks they have to the registrar one week before Conference.



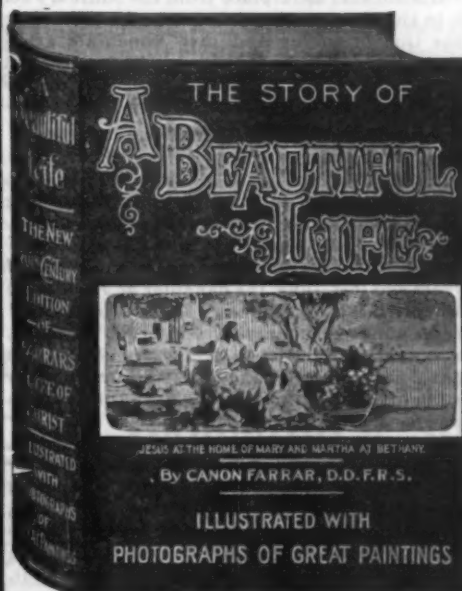
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open all natural outlets by the mild but thorough action of Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

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The theme of this story is one that has appealed to the greatest artists of the world, and they have painted most marvelous pictures of scenes and incidents in Christ's most marvelous life. All the greatest paintings are reproduced in this book by photography, and together they constitute the WORLD'S GREATEST ART GALLERY.

No library complete, no home well equipped, without a work upon this theme.

We will send this magnificent book, post-paid, to any one sending us ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER at the regular subscription price, \$2.50 per year, cash with the order.

Price of the book alone, \$2.25.

This book with a year's subscription to ZION'S HERALD, \$3.50.

ZION'S HERALD, 36 Bromfield Street, BOSTON

MAINE CONFERENCE.—The Conference Directory will be printed March 24. Nearly all members of the Conference have notified the host whether their wives will attend or not. A few have not been heard from. Unless these report at once, it will be taken for granted their wives will not attend and no provisions will be made for their entertainment. Every person also entitled to entertainment, who has not reported, must do so at once, whether wife will attend or not. C. C. WHIDDEN.

Bridgton, Me.

DEDICATION AT SOUTH BRAINTREE.—The dedication of the new vestry and reopening of the church will occur March 27-29. Friday evening, platform meeting, to which all former pastors and friends are invited. The Sunday services at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. will be conducted by Dr. E. M. Taylor and Presiding Elder A. J. Coultas. A. E. LEGG, Pastor.

Death

MILLS.—At his home, 24 A Melvin St., Somerville, Sunday, March 16, James L. Mills, aged 78 years, 6 months, leaving a wife and two daughters.

You should not feel tired all the time—healthy people don't. You won't if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a while.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE EXAMINATIONS.—The annual examinations will be held at the School of Theology, 72 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Monday and Tuesday, March 30 and 31. Monday, 2 p. m., admission on trial; 6.45 p. m., "Loyalty to Doctrine and Discipline;" Tuesday, the four years' course and local orders. G. S. BUTTERS, Registrar.

UNION PRAYER-MEETING.—The union missionary prayer-meeting of the Woman's Foreign and the Woman's Home Missionary Societies will be held in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St., Wednesday, March 28, from 11 to 12 a. m. A cordial invitation extended to all. FOR THE COMMITTEE.

LADIES' AID UNION.—The annual meeting of the Methodist Ladies' Aid Union will be held at Centre Church, corner of Pleasant and Washington Streets, Malden, Friday, March 27. Sessions at 10 and 1.30. Three-minute written report requested from the secretary of each local society. Address by Rev. Edwin H. Hughes, of Malden. Luncheon, 15 cents. Cars leaving Sullivan Square for Edgeworth and Wellington, West Everett or Ferry Street, also all cars from Lynn to Malden, pass the church.

MRS. ARTHUR C. RICH, Cor. Sec.

W. H. M. S.—The New England Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society will hold its anniversary in St. Mark's Church, Brookline, Saturday, April 4, at 3 p. m. The address will be given by Mrs. D. L. Williams, of Delaware, Ohio, general corresponding secretary of the W. H. M. S. At 4 p. m. a Conference of workers, at which Mrs. Williams will preside, will be held. She will remain in Boston until the following Friday, April 10. Appointments have been arranged for Sunday evening and Monday. Auxiliaries desiring to have her speak for them on any remaining open dates may communicate with (Mrs.) SARAH WYMAN FLOYD, Conf. Cor. Sec.

PREACHERS' AID SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Preachers' Aid Society of the New England Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held on Monday, the 30th inst., at 3.30 p. m., in the Wesleyan Association Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, for the purpose of electing officers and corporators for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

A. R. WEED, Sec.

"THE PREACHERS' COMPANY"

So called because of the large number of clergymen among its stockholders and represented in its directorate. The treasurer, also, is a clergyman. The company is endorsed by many prominent men—clergy and laity—and by responsible religious and secular publications.

The company owns immense tracts of gold mining properties in two famous districts of Colorado; also 400 acres of oil land in California; after ten months' work has a DEVELOPED GOLD MINE of rich promise, and needs but little more money to complete its stamp mill that will bring dividends. For that purpose 15,000 shares are for sale, for cash or in installments, and one-half in assigned dividends if preferred. Ours is one of the few sound, safe and honest investments on the market. Send for prospectus and draw your own conclusions.

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TRELLIS TOMATO Grows 15 feet high. Each plant bears from 1,500 to 2,000 tomatoes. One vine will supply an entire family all summer. The most wonderful tomato in the world. Photo of my plant and package of seed with full directions for eight 2-c. stamps. MRS. FRANK HOLT, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

OBITUARIES

We say a long farewell until we meet
Within the city's gates beneath its dome,
And learn, when face to face our friend we greet,
That heaven is but another name for home.

— Mrs. E. A. Hawkins.

Adams. — Mrs. Elsie E. G. Adams, wife of Horace J. Adams, was born in East Haddam, Conn., July 29, 1820, and died in Lowell, Mass., May 23, 1902.

Mrs. Adams came to Lowell in 1832, and soon after united with the Methodist Society on Chapel Hill, now St. Paul's Church. In 1840 she married Horace J. Adams, whose labors of love for this church were so many and so constant for so long a time. Though lame for many years, Mrs. Adams was a most indefatigable worker; she has been identified from the beginning with all the important events in the history of St. Paul's society in a very active way until the weaknesses of the flesh prevented her from attending the services. But her home was a centre of blessed influences to the church and throughout its parish. For many years she was president of the Ladies' Aid Society. Blessed as she was with this world's goods, as well as the riches of divine grace, she followed in the footsteps of her Master who "went about doing good." To the worthy poor she was a real "angel of mercy." It was nothing unusual for her to leave her home early on Sunday morning and go to some poor family with food and clothing and help the weary mother prepare her children for church and then take them all with her to the house of prayer. When strength failed, her interest in this blessed work did not in the least grow cold. The sick and needy committee was constantly the recipient of her benefactions; even in her death she was not unmindful of these unfortunate ones, for she left to the church in trust a legacy that will, with the coming and the going of the years, send "showers of blessing" into many homes and upon many hearts. Many there are, and many more there will be, who shall rise up and call her blessed.

The death of her beloved and most affectionate husband, in 1881, would have been a loss almost unbearable had it not been for the all-sustaining grace of God. Her health broke down completely in 1898 when her son, her only child, was taken from her. From this blow she never fully recovered. Her last moments were peaceful and full of trust and hope for the future life.

In the passing away of Mrs. Adams her many acquaintances have lost a tender and true friend, and the church she loved a most generous supporter. She is survived by a brother and two sisters — Henry A. Fielding, of Bozeman, Mont., and Mrs. Sarah A. Harris and Miss Philena J. Fielding, of Lowell.

G. B. D.

Mason. — Roy W. Mason, son of Joseph and Charlotte Mason, was born May 25, 1880, and departed this life, at Lubec, Me., in the triumphs of faith, Feb. 5, 1903, after a year of sickness with that dread disease, consumption.

He experienced religion and was baptized last summer. He was a good boy, kind to father and mother. He was a great lover of music, and was organist in the Methodist Episcopal Church until his health failed. He was faithful to his church and Sabbath-school. What a sermon to the young is the death of this good young man!

In the morning of the day he passed away he told the pastor's wife he wanted her to sing at his funeral the hymn, "Come Over the Line."

R-U-P-T-U-R-E

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Can be CURED without the knife or pain, by Dr. FARRAR, specialist of 35 years' experience. 28 King St., Dorchester Dist., Boston. For FULL information call on the Doctor as above on Mondays and Tuesdays, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. He is highly endorsed. The treatment is a great comfort. Terms reasonable. No charge for a professional interview. Inquire of Publisher of this paper. The Doctor's post-office address is Lock Box 2315, Boston, Mass.

THIS CARD APPEARS EVERY OTHER WEEK.

He also wished his pastor to select his pallbearers. As the end drew nearer, his faith grew stronger, and calling his father, mother, and only brother to his bedside, he bade them good-by and told them to meet him in heaven. There was no dread of the crossing, for the love he had for Jesus cast out all fear. It was all peace, sweet peace. In life he was loved by all.

His funeral took place from the church, Feb. 8, in the presence of a large congregation. May the God of mercy and love vouchsafe grace and consolation to the sorrowing family, and through this sad dispensation of His providence may He draw them nearer to their loving and sympathizing Saviour!

C. L. BANGHART.

Harding. — Mrs. Julia A. (Hathaway) Harding died at her home in West Madison, Me., Feb. 12, 1903.

Mrs. Harding was born, in Athens, Me., 67 years ago last June, the daughter of Josiah and Mary Hathaway. When about thirty-eight years of age she married Daniel W. Harding, and went to Madison to live, where she resided until her death. While suffering from other ailments, the immediate cause of her death was heart trouble.

Being the only child of Methodist parents, being early converted, being a life-long reader of ZION'S HERALD, and becoming a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in her youth, Mrs. Harding remained a loyal member of the same, and a consistent, stable Christian until she was received into the church triumphant. She was an intelligent Christian. The Bible was a precious book to her, and she was familiar with its treasures. All who knew her held her in high esteem. She had no enemies. Her faith in God was firm to the end, and no one doubts that she will have a place in the "heavenly mansions."

By Mrs. Harding's death, her husband and three children have met with a great sorrow and an irreparable loss, and the church and the community have lost a worthy member and neighbor.

The funeral took place at her residence, Feb. 15, Rev. H. S. Ryder attending. Her remains were interred at Skowhegan.

H. S. RYDER.

Lawrence. — Mrs. Laura W. (Nye) Lawrence was born in Roxbury, N. H., Jan. 7, 1817, and died of apoplexy in Swanton, Vt., Jan. 21, 1903.

When eleven years old she moved with her family to Fairfield, Vt. Some years later she and her father moved to St. Albans, Vt., to be near her only sister, Mrs. T. B. Fox. She was married to David Lawrence, of Swanton, Vt., in 1865. The years of this union were years of happiness, until Mr. Lawrence's death in 1895.

Mrs. Lawrence's Christian life was simple and true. One felt that she was devout and loyal to our Saviour. She walked circumspectly. Her influence was that of a child of light. During her later years infirmity denied her the privileges of the sanctuary, but the less public means of grace she used so faithfully that her spiritual life was still nourished. In her last hours she meditated with comfort on portions of that Word which had been her delight. Her departure was trustful and triumphant. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

FRANCIS T. CLARK.

Fielding. — Mrs. Mary A. Fielding was born in Granby, Conn., July 28, 1828, and died in Bozeman, Mont., Jan. 15, 1903.

For forty years Mrs. Fielding was a member of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Lowell, but during the last years of her life she lived in the West. Occasional visits to the East, however, had kept her interest in this church alive, and caused the older members here, who knew her so well and loved her so fondly, to feel that they have lost a dear sister and a true friend. She was a mature Christian — rich in those graces that make life so beautiful and memory so blessed. She was a helpful Christian — faithful in testimony, gifted in prayer, and tactful in leadership. She was a working Christian — in the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, the Missionary and Ladies' Aid Societies. She was a friend to the stranger and a sister to the poor. She was a home Christian — a most faithful and devoted wife, and a conscientious, affectionate and self-sacrificing mother. She was "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile."

As sweetly as goes a tired child to sleep in the arms of its mother, so entered this child of God

into her heavenly rest. Her friends in the East were expecting her soon to be with them, but the Master knew best and took her to Himself.

Mrs. Fielding was a sister of the late Augustus W. Weeks, of sacred memory. She was married to Henry A. Fielding in 1840. Together with her husband and son there are three sisters who mourn her sudden departure — Mrs. E. P. Tenney, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. H. G. Hall, Lowell, Mass.; and Mrs. Lester S. Wilson, Bozeman, Mont.

G. B. D.

Matthews. — Mrs. Mary E. Matthews, daughter of Rev. Lewis and Olive Hill, was born at Rochester, Vt., March 9, 1811. Jan. 1, 1833, she was married to Alonzo F. McNeal, who died at Barton, Vt., April 2, 1880. On Dec. 25, 1882, she was again married to A. D. Matthews, of Barton Landing, at which place she resided until her death.

Mrs. Matthews' early life was spent with her parents in a Methodist parsonage. She early gave her heart to Christ, and became a member of the church, and for over fifty years she has faithfully served the Master in the church of her choice. She was a constant attendant at all the means of grace, seldom missing either the Sunday or midweek services. It was her New-Year's resolution at sixty-two years of age not to miss a service of the church this year, and up

WHAT SULPHUR DOES

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The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall. It was the universal spring and fall "blood-purifier," tonic and cure-all; and, mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

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Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health. Sulphur acts directly on the liver and excretory organs, and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

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They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles, and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies, soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples, and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles, and especially in all forms of skin disease, as this remedy."

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to the time of her sickness she had kept her vow.

Her illness was short, and she suffered a great deal, but she bore it all with patience and Christian fortitude. She said to her friends that she might not get well, but that it was all right with her. She had always put the religion of Christ first, and was ready to depart this life if it was her Master's will. In her departure the church has lost a most faithful member and steward. She was a friend to her pastor, and her advice was often sought and gladly given. In the free intercourse of friendship none ever bore a warmer, kinder heart. She was a valuable woman to society and an example to others in these days of content and agitation.

Her funeral was held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday, Jan. 25, 1903, and was largely attended by the members of the church and friends of the various organizations to which she belonged. Beautiful flowers were furnished by the church and societies as their last token of regard for a worthy woman. She leaves a husband and five step-children to mourn their loss. The younger of these is the wife of Rev. M. B. Parounagian, pastor at Shelton, Vt. Her sister, Mrs. Knox, wife of Rev. M. V. B. Knox, cared for her in her last sickness. She also leaves a sister, Mrs. Laura E. Rand, of Barton, Vt., and a brother, Rev. G. H. Hill, presiding elder of Richmond District, Northern Indiana Conference. Everything that could be done for her recovery was done, but the Master called, and said, "Come up higher," and today she is in the heavenly house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

S. G. LEWIS.

Conley — The Topsfield (Mass.) Methodist Episcopal Church suffered a great loss in the death of Mrs. Ruth Lake Conley, Feb. 20, 1903. She had been for more than thirty-five years a most faithful and useful member of the church, having united with it during the pastorate of Rev. Wm. D. Bridge, Feb. 2, 1868. Very seldom does one hear such expressions of sorrow and regret at the departure of a friend. During her long residence in Topsfield Mrs. Conley's duties called her into nearly if not quite every home in town, and the remarkable testimony comes from every side that it was her invariable custom to speak good of every one when at all possible, or at least to soften every charge of evil made against any one. Certainly such faithful obedience to Wesley's maxim and the Master's teaching should be remembered.

In Sunday-school, Epworth League, and especially the choir, she had rendered faithful service for many years. She sang for the last time the last Sunday of the old year, and little did the people think they should never see her there again.

The funeral was held from the church, Monday, Feb. 23, with a very large company of sympathizing friends in attendance. A husband, a daughter and a son are greatly comforted in their sorrow by the memory of the exemplary life of the wife and mother who has gone before in the faith of Jesus Christ.

E. C. DIXON.

Wetherbee — Mary Smith Wetherbee was born, Oct. 28, 1808, in Fitzwilliam, N. H., and died in Marlboro, Mass., Sept. 21, 1902, aged 93 years, 10 months, and 21 days.

She was married in 1834 to Nahum Wetherbee, whom she survived by over twenty years. Very early in life she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a member of old Bromfield St. for sixteen years. She knew many of the prominent preachers of half a century ago, and never tired of telling of the capabilities and achievements of Rev. A. D. Merrill and his brothers. She had been a reader of ZION'S HERALD from its first issue, and up to her 93d year read it without glasses. Coming from a vigorous stock, she continued to keep house until past eighty, at which time her adopted daughter, Mrs. Maria B. Merritt, relieved her of the cares of the home, and continued her loving and tender ministrations for thirteen years, unto the end.

Mrs. Wetherbee was earnestly attached to the church of her choice, and nothing pleased her

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so much as occasionally to surprise her pastor with a gift of money for some worthy object. She was the mother of three children, two of whom preceded her over sixty years ago to the better land. The one who remains is the pathetic victim of scarlet fever which he suffered when his brothers died. For many years Mrs. Wetherbee had longed to depart, and had ardently wished that she might go to sleep at night and wake up in heaven. This last wish was mercifully gratified.

The funeral was conducted by a former pastor, the writer, and her pastor, Rev. L. W. Adams, assisted by Revs. S. K. Smith and N. H. Martin.

ARTHUR PAGE SHARP.

Hon. John Wanamaker purchased for John Chambers Memorial Church, Twenty-eighth and Morris Streets, Philadelphia, the silvery-toned bell that was heard from the tower of that church Christmas Eves. This bell was cast at the McShane Bell Foundry, Baltimore, famous for bells of all kinds and some of the world's most celebrated chimes. Its net weight is 2,100 pounds, and with the mountings 3,000 pounds.

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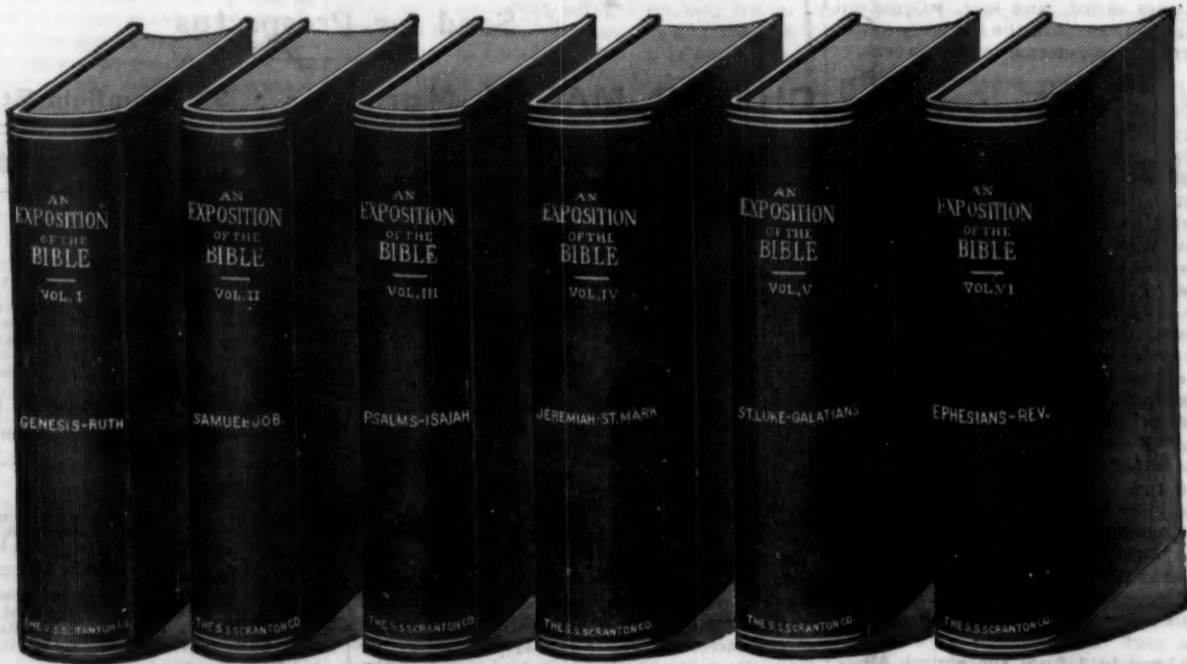
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